SEPTEMBER 1987

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $5.95 (inc. GST)
$4.50*

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
FERDINAND AND IMELDA MARCOS

THE ZANY WIT OF
WHOOPI GOLDBERG

HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN IN THREE EASY LESSONS

THE COMEBACK KIDS
Harry M. Miller
Debbie Byrne
Don Lane
Jack Newton
John Farnham

BICYCLE MANIA
HOW TO SURVIVE ON THE STREETS

"There are two things about him I'll never forget.
One of them is Menāge."

JWT072P1613K2

Some
things
linger
in
a
woman's
memory.

EXCELLENCE IN EXTRA MILD
APB4509-C JWT1443K1

PLAYBILL

Thinking about a holiday? Summer's around the corner and it's a great time of year for some toes-up relaxing. Maybe you're dreaming of an exile to a tropical paradise, where you could rehash the good old days, praise your friends, trash your enemies and cook up some revolutionary plans for the future. Some people actually live that way — specifically, deposed Philippines dictator Ferdinand Marcos and his controversial wife, Imelda, this month's Playboy Interview subjects, who were questioned by **Ken Kelley** and **Phil Bronstein.**

Our interviewers joined the renowned couple in Hawaii where the ex-presidential pair have been holed up waiting for the other, uh, shoe to drop back home. What was Ferdinand and Imelda's favorite topic? (No, not footwear, though that subject did come up.) Their comeback, of course. Nothing peps them up more than a little talk about returning to power in the Philippines.

The Marcoses may profit from a good look at **Anthony Brandt**'s article *Comebacks* — it explains how best to triumph over adversity — and **Phil Jarratt**'s profiles of Australians who've made it back in our *Rallies And Resurrections* gallery. **Dave Calver** supplied the artwork for Brandt's piece.

If we can learn anything from these prominent people who've gone under only to be borne again on the waves of success, it's that life is pretty much a gamble. And even more so if you're a city biker. In our *The Art Of Urban Cycling,* ace cyclist **Nelson Vails** talks to **Kevin Cook** about his two-wheel survival tricks in the asphalt jungle. Thanks to **John Knight** for some imaginative photography.

Still on the subject of survival, adventure specialist **Leigh Hemmings** has been under the Nullarbor Plain. That's right — *under!* Delve into his *Caving Down Under* for some dare-devil, Aussie adventure.

If you prefer your thrills above ground level, we have just the right partners. First, **Richard Fegley** presents *Cycle Sweethearts,* a pictorial tribute to some of our favorite girls and an astonishing collection of classic bikes. We reckon these are the best-looking broads on two wheels!

Then there's our delectable Playmate Of The Month, Florence di Domenico, and another two luscious pictorials for your September viewing pleasure.

In the fashion pages, **Vitek** has put together a collection of dressed-to-kill styles from *Miami Vice.* Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas may never have looked this smart! In the Booze column, **Richard Beckett** has some advice on how to find a tolerable drop of port, even in a cask, and **Bettina Arndt** is in fine form, as usual, with all the up-to-date sex news and views from around the world.

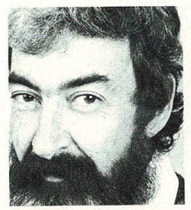
Meanwhile, **David Rensin** has been, er, whooping it up with this month's 20 Questions subject. In a wacky encounter with the inimitable Whoopi Goldberg, Rensin broaches such topics as racism, drugs, Steven Spielberg, and how she got that madcap name.

Kerry Morris took the portrait shot of this popular star of *The Color Purple* and *Jumpin' Jack Flash.*

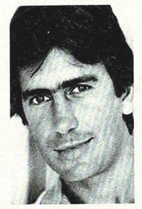
Asa Baber's with us again on the Men page, **Cynthia Heimel** talks about holiday healing in her Women column, and **Seth Gregory** gives advice on what currency to take overseas in his informative Money column.

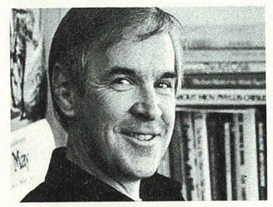
Graham Barry's Showbiz column is packed with all the latest gossip from the entertainment world, and the World Of Playboy page salutes our reigning Playmate Of The Year, Adelaide's magnificent Felicity Collins.

So, what in the *world* are you waiting for? Turn the page.


BECKETT

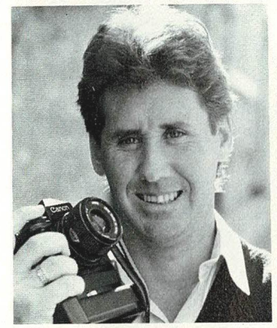
CALVER

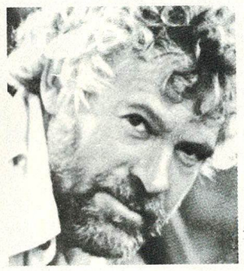

JARRATT


BRANDT

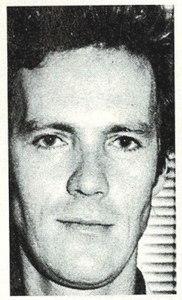
ARNDT

HEMMINGS

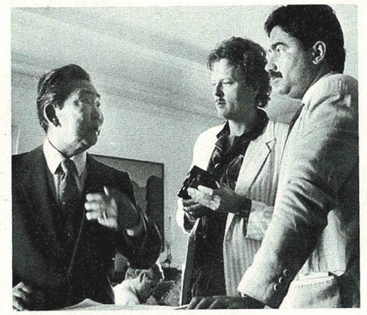

KNIGHT

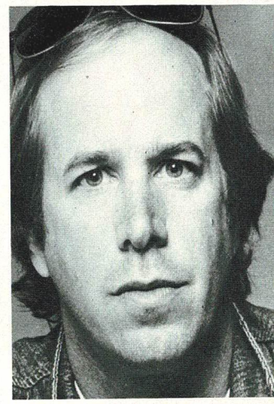

FEGLEY

COOK


VITEK

RENSIN


MARCOS, KELLEY, BRONSTEIN


MORRIS

wear it well into the night.

pierre cardin · man's musk

GREYISHSEA855

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

PHILIP MASON
publisher and editor-in-chief

EDITORIAL
SUSAN KUROSAWA associate editor; GRAHAM BARRY copy editor; ROB LUCK motoring editor; VITEK fashion editor; MIKE AGOSTINI sports editor; IAN TONKIN, DIANA DENNISON proof-readers; PHIL JARRATT senior contributing editor; A.D. AIRD, RICHARD BECKETT, RENNIE ELLIS, STEVEN SCHWARTZ contributing editors.

ART
TIM DONNELLAN art director; JANE GOLLAN assistant art director; MARK THACKER art assistant.

ADVERTISING
LYNDA PRINCE marketing director; ANDREA OATEN senior sales executive; MELANIE BERG advertising assistant; DAVID ARTHUR-SIMONS advertising production co-ordinator; victorian sales SANDY RICHARDS (03 51 1242); queensland CLAUDE OLIVE (07 391 6633); south australia JOHN WILLIAMSON (08 332 3322); western australia KEVIN O'KEEFFE (09 381 7440); japan RAYMOND F. FALK (tokyo 545 3977); usa DEFILIPPES CORPORATION (212 697 8185).

PRODUCTION
MONIQUE PASILOW production co-ordinator; ANGELA EVANS production assistant.

FINANCE
ANGIE DASKALAKIS administration manager; JOHN DALY accounts payable; MELISSA KELLY accounts receivable.

SUBSCRIPTIONS
PHYLLIS AGIOS subscription manager.

PLAYBOY USA
HUGH M. HEFNER editor and publisher; ARTHUR KRETCHMER editorial director; TOM STAEBLER art director; GARY COLE photography director.

PLAYBOY INTERNATIONAL
HARESH SHAH director international publishing; MARIAN BUSSIE, JEAN CONNELL, JUDIE FELDMAN rights and traffic.

Australian Playboy is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 6566. Telex: 72964. Fax: 360 2361) on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. The magazine is photoset by APTypographics Pty Ltd, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 7246), printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co (HK) Ltd and distributed by Network Distribution Co, Sydney (Telephone 02 282 8777).

© 1987 Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd © 1987 PLAYBOY as to material published in the July and August issues of US *Playboy*. *Playboy* Rabbit Head design and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (US). All manuscripts, photographs and other material submitted to *Australian Playboy* must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Contributions are submitted at the sender's risk and *Australian Playboy* cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage. Articles reflect the personal opinions of the author and are not necessarily those of the publisher. Price in Australia $4.50, New Zealand $5.95* (inc. GST) *Recommended and maximum price only.

CREDITS
Pages 40-41: cycle gear from Woolys Wheels, Paddington, NSW; Fashion Spread: Ferrari Mondiale from Scuderia Veloce Motors, Lindfield, NSW; guns from Mick Smith, and Samsonite attache case from Kitchings.

CONTENTS

DEAR PLAYBOY 9
AFTER HOURS 11
BOOZE 14
MONEY 16
WOMEN 18
MEN 20
WORLD OF PLAYBOY 24
SHOWBIZ 26

29

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos, former president and first lady of the Philippines, discuss tyranny, revolution and betrayal.

40

THE ART OF URBAN CYCLING
Nelson Vails reveals his two-wheel survival tricks in the asphalt jungle.

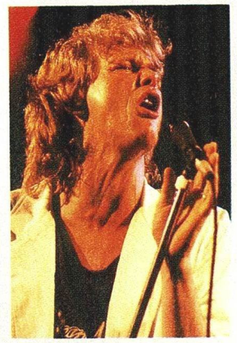
42

CYCLE SWEETHEARTS
A classic pictorial of the best-looking broads on two wheels.

50

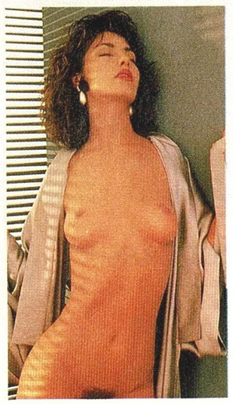
COMEBACKS
Here's to that gutsy gang who've been fired, jailed, knocked out, expelled or forgotten — and returned to triumph.

52



RALLIES AND RESURRECTIONS
They were down but never out. Against all odds, they went from sneers to cheers.

60



SLICE OF HEAVEN
Our hot-blooded Miss September loves an appreciative audience.

74

CAVING DOWN UNDER
Leigh Hemmings explores the subterranean world of the Nullarbor Plain.

78

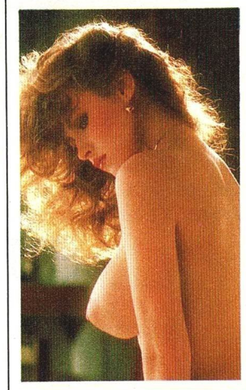
MIAMI SPICE
Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas never looked quite this cool. Fashion by Vitek.

84

20 QUESTIONS: WHOOPI GOLDBERG
The wacky star of *The Color Purple* and *Jumpin' Jack Flash* speaks out on racism, drugs and how she got that madcap name.

102

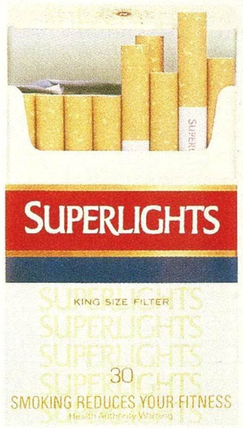
SHARRY SUPREME
Introducing Sharry Konopski, our pizza parlor waitress with the works.



117

SEX
Bettina Arndt's popular pages of sex news and views.

Nothing but taste.



SUPERLIGHTS 30's

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS*
Health Authority Warning
*Packaging warning required by Government regulation.

Leo Burnett PML P 5231 APB5098-C

DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

OH, ANNA

The travel agent's best friend? Why should travel agents have all the luck? I refer to Anna Clark, your beautiful Miss May. You couldn't have made a better choice for a 100th Playmate. And she has my vote already for the next Playmate Of The Year.

Steven J.,
Taree, NSW.

You may as well leave all the centrefold pages blank from now until the end of the year. There's no way you could surpass Anna Clark (Miss May). She should be featured *every* month!

P.H.,
Mackay, Qld.

GO FOR IT, GORDON

At first I was disappointed to see that Gordon Elliott was your Playboy Interview subject for July. I've always considered him to be a real lightweight and it took some time to convince myself to give the article a go.

I've now changed my opinion. Although I still think he looks like an oversized wimp, his thoughts and apparent drive show that you can't judge a book by its cover. He's obviously willing to get in there, take a chance and go for it.

It's good to be able to change your mind for the better about someone. Thanks for the insight.

J.H.,
Cooma, NSW.

MOUTH WATERING

Sticky after-dinner drinks don't turn me on (July Booze) but your article on aphrodisiacs, *Food For Love*, in the same issue of *Australian Playboy* was hysterical. It's enough to make you turn vegetarian! I've always thought it was a little of what you lack that does the trick (meaning oysters work for anyone with a zinc deficiency) but fortunately I've always been partial to French beans and tomatoes.

And while on the subject of what you need, I'd have lunch with Jenilee Harrison any day. From what she says, it seems she has no need for beans or celery at lunchtime anyway. What a sexy lady! She does more for me than a truckload of French beans.

T.R.D.,
Dover Heights, NSW.

MORE OR LESS

How about fewer rear and crutch shots in *Australian Playboy*? I know you have to please a wide variety of readers, but I find the sight of a naked female rear off-putting in the extreme. Don't get me wrong — I like a good nude but my preferences are top uncovered and lower parts covered. That's still as good as the fully unclothed variety, if not better.

Another kind of photography which should be employed more often is the use of negligees and sexy underwear. Surely you can appreciate the power behind a beautiful girl in suspender belt and negligee? That's infinitely better than a naked rear or crutch shown up close — far sexier and much more alluring.

Joe Dolahenty,
Sydney, NSW.

AMAZING GRACE

The July cover of Grace Parr is stunning! I enjoyed her acting in the TV mini-series *Vietnam* but I enjoyed her appearance in *Australian Playboy* even more. Please bring her back for an encore on the Dear Playboy page.

S. McF.,
Ballina, NSW.

It was worth the wait. Why you didn't bring back Grace Parr before now I'll never know. Anyway, thanks for the amazing cover and splendid pictorial in the July issue. I'd like to wish Grace every success with her acting career. She has loads of talent and deserves to succeed.

P. O'B.,
Glebe, NSW.

Hear! Hear! And here's Grace — Ed.

GREAT READING

Michael Bishop's short story, *The Egret*, in July really grabbed me. What a great read! The macabre twist at the end completely took me by surprise.

How about some more stories like that to keep your readers' minds alert between poring over those lovely pictorials?

Julian S.,
Burnie, Tas.

BEAUTIFUL BEACHAM

Thank you, *Australian Playboy*, for the fabulous pictorial on *The Colbys* star Stephanie Beacham in the March issue. She's one of the sexiest actresses on prime-time TV, and your pictorial sure showed why.

Alan P.,
Northam, WA.

MAYDAY, ANNA, MAYDAY!

Anna of this month of May
Warm this day so grey
With smouldering eyes
Pools of dark amber fires
Let the heat of adventures well up.
Dear lady of travel
Let your secrets unravel
From behind the black lacing
So proudly embracing
Those two perfect storms in a D-cup.

David Vincent,
Coogee, NSW.

For the benefit of any reader short-sighted enough to have missed the ample charms of Anna Clark, this is an ode to our marvellous Miss May — Ed.

FABULOUS FELICITY

Even though I didn't win the Dream Date with your fabulous Playmate Of The Year, Felicity Collins, I'd like her to know she figures in my dreams every night!

She's a stunning lady and you couldn't have made a better choice for the coveted Playmate Of The Year title.

Chris P.,
Hackham, SA.

Turn to page 24 for our World Of Playboy tribute to fabulous Felicity — Ed.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

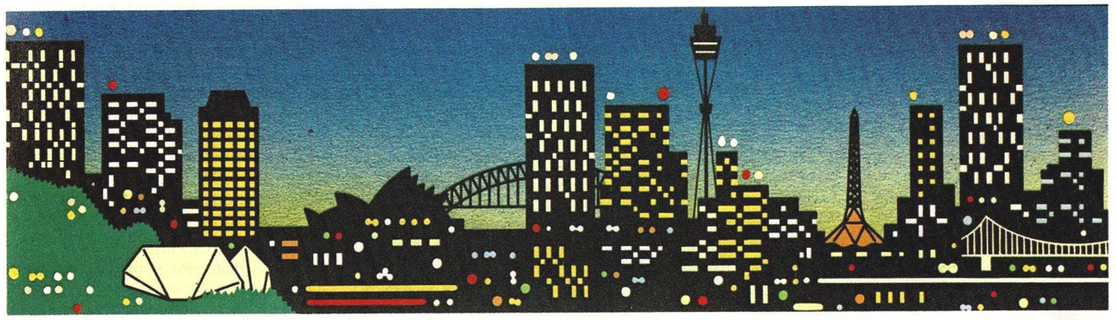
ferrari

FERRARI DESIGNER COLLECTION
OF ITALIAN GOLD JEWELLERY

Available at leading Jewellery Outlets

Trade Enquiries; FERRARI (02) 264 5356 Facsimile (02) 264 2791

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



OFF-SHORE TAX DODGERS

They do things differently in Malawi — but not all that different.

"I was enjoying a drink in Malawi's Grand Beach Hotel, when at the sound of a whistle, nine men in jellabas (long hooded cloaks) dashed into the lounge," said Mr Muzuzu N'Dola, manager of the Express Bus Station at Lilongwe. "As they entered, five men in dark suits jumped to their feet, rushed through the doors that led on to the lawn and, chased by the men in jellabas, reached the edge of Lake Malawi and dived straight in.

"They turned out to be tax avoiders, and the men after them were members of an Inland Revenue team. These inspectors had to watch the tax avoiders swim out until all we could see was their noses."

"We have seen an example of great bravery," said an old man who happened to be standing by, but who did not reveal his name. "However, it is better to pay up than to find a lake your only firm ground."

How we wish we were capable of wisdom like that! In the meantime, does this put them in the same category as bottom-of-the-harbor tax dodgers, or don't lakes count?

BOXING NEWS

The London *Daily Telegraph* reports that the European light-heavyweight championship fight between Graciano Rocchigiani and Alexander Bankhand had to be cancelled because Rocchigiani's fiancee, Winifred Sonderbond, beat him up during an argument over who should drive her to her sister's wedding.

It was not reported what weight Miss Sonderbond fought at.

AN EAR-Y TALE

"All my life my husband has been troubled by deafness," Mrs Jack Cracker told the *Evening Argus* recently. "Then, when we were in Sweden, he got a sweet stuck in his throat, and after I gave him a good thump on the back, a 2½d bus ticket issued in Buxton, Derbyshire, on May 2, 1927 shot out of his ear. Since then he always keeps the TV turned down low."

"I must have stuck it in my ear when I was on my way home from school," said Mr Cracker, 75.

Lucky an inspector didn't get on the bus or he'd have copped an earful.

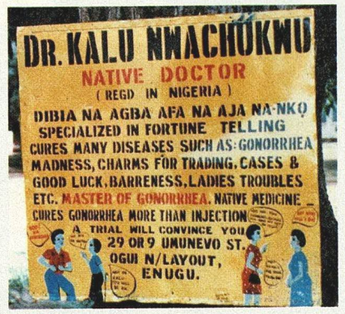
NEARLY AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT

Now that the film festivals are safely behind us, we are able to reveal yet another example of Russian activity in the South Pacific specifically designed to cause fear and confusion.

Naturally there is a voracious and insatiable appetite among film buffs for movies from the Soviet Union, and one which was awaited with bated breath rejoiced in the title of *Heartless Grief*, a fitting name for your average piece of socialist realism.

Imagine, then, the sheer shock horror engendered when the ruthless Ruskies revealed, almost on the eve of the screening of this classic, that its real title was *Mournful Unconcern!* And we content ourselves with repatriating a few Libyans.

Apparently the film was based on *Heartbreak House* by George Bernard Shaw, a well-known socialist.


DR. KALU NWACHUKWU
NATIVE DOCTOR
(REGD IN NIGERIA)
DIBIA NA AGBA AFA NA AJA NA-NKO
SPECIALIZED IN FORTUNE TELLING
CURES MANY DISEASES SUCH AS: GONORRHEA
MADNESS, CHARMS FOR TRADING, CASES &
GOOD LUCK, BARRENESS, LADIES TROUBLES
ETC. MASTER OF GONORRHEA. NATIVE MEDICINE
CURES GONORRHEA MORE THAN INJECTION
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU
29 OR 9 UMUNEVO ST.
OGUI N/LAYOUT,
ENUGU.

OLD WORLD CHARMS

Troubled with those odd disabilities not normally covered by conventional medicine? This physician comes highly recommended by Mike Calnan of the Melbourne-based African Landtrain Safari Company. Although Mike hasn't consulted Dr Nwachukwu personally, he claims to know lots of people who absolutely swear by him.

ENTERTAINMENT THIS YEAR

England's illustrious regional newspaper, *The Northumbrian*, reports that, during her annual address to the Cambrian Federation Of Local Institutes, Lady Consuela Ely said, "I would like to say how much we all enjoyed George Parish's talk on *Interesting International Telephone Exchanges,* Marjorie Jenkins on *Knitting*, and Miss May Morrison's *Bowling Today*, after all of which you will be able to understand how you can bear the cost of Christmas and plan ahead for those summer holiday expenses."

Er. . . we don't quite get the connection but, on the other hand, we don't seem to get such shit-hot shows out here in the bush anyway.

WELCOME TO THE HIJACK

A business journal has offered some travel-safety tips for the hijacked business traveller. Here are a few:

"Develop an international appearance. Avoid such things as lapel pins."

"Prepare for loss of weight and appetite."

"Eat what they give you. It may taste awful, but it is not poison."

"Attempt a rapport with the hostage takers. As anywhere else, do not attempt to discuss politics or religion."

And don't call room service!

ROBBERY WITH VIOLATION

The press had originally reported that Indiana police were seeking murder and attempted murder charges against a man who had bitten his intended robbery victim in a struggle over the robber's gun. The fight was witnessed by the victim's wife, who then died of heart failure after learning from police that the attacker was a haemophiliac who had contracted AIDS through a blood transfusion.

Several months later the truth came out. The "robber" was really the wife's lover, the fight was between the lover and the husband over the relationship, and the woman had committed suicide after learning that the man with whom she'd been sleeping had AIDS.

We just hope the two blokes were able to patch things up later.

HONDA *Progress with Distinction.*

A formula for success.

In any motor vehicle class there's a formula for success.
With sports cars the formula requires a manufacturer to produce a model that outperforms its competitors, looks distinctively different, yet retains the features and comfort of its contemporaries. Such a car is destined to become a classic ...such a car is the Honda Integra SX16. A car designed and engineered around the serious driver.

Born on the F1 Circuits.
As the only Japanese company to enter, and win, in the hi-tech world of Formula One, Honda took what they'd learned and designed a performance sports car. The specifications speak for themselves. 1.6 litre, four valves per cylinder. Programmed Fuel Injection (PGM-FI). Double overhead cams. All of which develops a very responsive 90 kW @ 6,500 rpm. Transmission is a choice of a crisp, short throw 5-speed manual or a silky smooth, 4-speed automatic with lock-up torque converter.
Then there's power assisted rack and pinion steering. Anti-roll bars front and rear. Four-wheel power assisted disc brakes. A drag co-efficient of only 0.34. All running on high performance 195/60-14 low profile Michelin tyres.

Don't be misled by the sleek appearance.
The Honda Integra will carry four adults in comfort. And while ignoring the gimmicks and add-ons of over-competitive manufacturers, Honda have built in the sensible features that the enthusiast driver needs.
There's an analog instrument layout designed for the business end of motoring. There's a Pioneer sound system – AM/FM stereo cassette. And luxury trim levels. The total package is a sports car developed for people who know how to drive.

How safe is a car manufactured by a company that races Formula One?
How safe is a car designed by a company that performs structural crash tests on hundreds of vehicles every year? How safe is a car that rides on advanced suspension, brakes and handling geometry components? It's Honda safe. Because when Honda build a classic, they want it to be around for a long, long time.

Honda Integra. A formula for success.

HONDA
INTEGRA SX16

24 MONTH 40,000 KM WARRANTY
36 MONTH BODY PROTECTION PLAN

For further information contact
Honda Australia Pty. Ltd.
Melbourne 330 1222,
Sydney 684 2399,
Perth 458 9811,
Brisbane 275 2011,
Darwin 81 3827

GNA-H1055/R

In 1986, Williams/Honda won the Formula 1 Constructors' Championship.
In 1987, Honda's Formula 1 engines power both Williams and Lotus.
Thus, we continue to polish our expertise at the pinnacle of automotive technology.

POWERED by HONDA

BOOZE

Old-timers say port rots your socks. In fact, it can be a tolerable drop, even in casks.

One morning recently I was having a slightly early, rather restrained, free tasting of Aussie port (you know, in one of those plastic glass things) when a good old boy walked up to the counter and said, "That bloody stuff will rot your socks. Stick to the amber fluid."

I suppose he's vaguely right. Port wine as the old-timers knew it might well rot your socks. It is an Australian attitude to fortified wines that goes back to the days of the goldrushes.

But despite the fact that port wine had an honorable tradition in the early days of this nation (and in the early days of wine grape growing) most of the so-called wine that we made in this country was fortified. The reason for this was that it kept well and was easy to transport. It was also highly alcoholic and thus relished as the best drink outside of Bengal rum, which was a highly poisonous concoction drunk in vast quantities by our forefathers.

The original port from Oporto in Portugal was actually made for very much the same reasons. Shippers attempting to break the French market in England started to ship wine from that country at a cheaper rate.

But what with the state of sailing ships and the Bay of Biscay and the English Channel they found that by the time they got it up the River Thames, it had gone off. So they simply started adding masses of proof spirit to the product. This "held" the wine and turned it into port. The Poms simply loved the stuff and, until well into the 19th century, port, along with other fortified wines, was a standard dinner drink in the UK.

I've never liked this dinner taste for port, preferring to leave it to the stilton cheese and the celery at the end of the dinner. But if you want to drink it through the meal, remember you are following in an honorable tradition.

I might say the most dotty example I have ever seen of this Pommy taste occurred some years back now on an old tramp and passenger steamer that was taking me out of Hong Kong. After one night when I had ordered a couple of bottles of modest French red for the non-captain's table, my table companion decided to reciprocate. What he decided on for all of us was two bottles of sweet Cinzano. Oh dear. It was probably the worst meal I have ever had in my life.

However, smiling grimly, I quaffed it down without ice and then, if I remember correctly, went up on deck and threw up — and to make matters worse, I have a feeling it was into the wind.

The interesting thing happening to Australian ports these days is that outside of the venerable Macquarie and the well-known Penfolds Club (which seem to be sold in every restaurant at about $4 a glass) some quite tolerable ports are finding their way into the cask trade. Which means we are more or less back to the goldrush days, but this time with a little more quality than yesteryear.

The Stanley wine company makes a more than tolerable cask port, as does Renmano. But for my money the best cask port comes from Morris, of Rutherglen fame. Rutherglen, in the northern half of Victoria, has always been famed for its fortified wines. There is something about both the country and the climate that makes them incredibly deep and full-bodied.

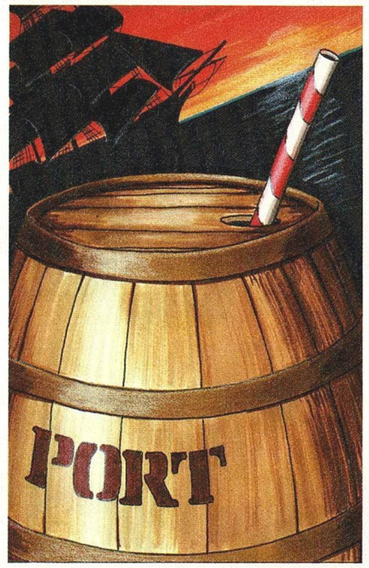
In other words a cask from Rutherglen is going to be about as deep a port wine as you will get.

They put a lot of nonsense on their cask labels of course. This is to be expected. You know the sort of thing: "Rich, round and mellow, this port has a fine, deep, brick-red color with a depth of generous fruit character on both the nose and palate. A nicely rounded, smooth, easy drinking style."

Easy drinking? I mean what in the hell is *hard* drinking?

One can go on naming ports by brand names almost forever. However, one of my preferences over the years has always been Yalumba's Director's Special. They occasionally do their own special on the thing and give you an extra quarter-bottle. But I have never thought that to be necessary. Still, it *is* promotion, and anything can happen in the name of promotion.

Having settled with port in the generality, I might add that it is also one of the best and easiest wines to cook with. This, once again, has to do with its concentration. Desserts with port wine are terribly simple. Try, for instance, pouring a glass of any reasonable material over some strawberries. And it can even biff up one of those cans of commercial fruit salad.



In the meat division I have always believed it goes best with duck. Duck in port wine is one of the great dishes. Simply go to your supermarket and buy a small and (hopefully) young duck. Prick the skin all over and roast it for an hour. Take it out of the oven and place it with a bit of onion in a casserole dish.

Incidentally, you can at this stage either joint it or leave it whole. Pour two good glasses of port over it, plus some stock (either canned or home made) and let it cook for another hour. Serve with plain boiled spuds and some green peas (peas are very English traditional). You won't regret it, I promise you.

You can also treat a good-quality chicken in this fashion: instead of chicken in burgundy, you get chicken in port. This actually quite improves the flavor of a battery fowl no end.

Port also improves the flavor of beef dishes. Beef in burgundy is almost as well-known as chicken in burgundy. But beef in port is equally as good, although the taste will be a bit sweeter.

I believe it is best made with good old-fashioned gravy beef but chuck or round steak will do almost as well. Cube a certain quantity of steak (depending on how many you are feeding), dust with flour, and then saute it gently in some good olive oil. Toss in a chopped onion at this stage, then the two standard glasses of port.

Cook it very slowly until the meat almost falls apart. Once again serve it with plain potatoes and a simple green vegetable of no great pedigree (the old silver beet is actually quite good with beef).

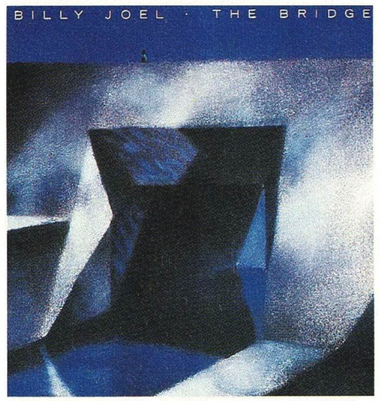
Anyway that's port. Not all the way across the Bay of Biscay, but pretty much from Rutherglen and out of a cask to boot. I suppose if you really wanted to be semi-trendy about it, you could call your duck "goldrush duck" or something equally idiotic.

But that would be a bit twee. And no lover of port would ever like to be thought of as twee.

— RICHARD BECKETT

ILLUSTRATION BY ANTHONY MAZZERI

Billy Joel spent over $500,000 to produce his latest album. And you're looking to save $99 on a record player?



Billy Joel's latest album is called "The Bridge."

It's also been called a classic, a labour of love and one of the best records you'll hear this year.

It's the kind of record that deserves to be played on a sound system that does it justice.

After all, it wasn't exactly popped out overnight.

Recording alone took over four months, with sessions starting at ten or eleven in the morning and invariably going through to the small hours of the following day.

Three different studios were utilised, with the bulk of the album being produced at New York's legendary Power House.

And no expense was spared when it came to the players.

In addition to the regular Billy Joel Band, Steve Winwood's talents were enlisted on one track.

Cyndi Lauper collaborated on another.

And the great Ray Charles sings a duet with Billy that is destined to become the classic bar-room piano player's goodnight song.

But the last words on "The Bridge" belong to producer – and seven times Grammy Award winner – Phil Ramone.

"The Bridge", says Phil, is the best he's ever heard from Billy.

"He's more free. It's like he's saying, 'This is Billy Joel and I love what I'm singing and I want to be heard in the best possible way.'"

Performance to match the performance.

Considering all the time, effort and talent that has gone into an album like "The Bridge", it seems only right that you hear it on a sound system which does it justice.

Which is not to suggest you buy the most expensive unit you can find.

On the other hand, we do think it's a false economy to buy a system purely because the price sounds attractive.

What's required is a balance between performance and price and that's something Akai have been working on with a great deal of success.

The Akai M35 Midi system is a perfect example.

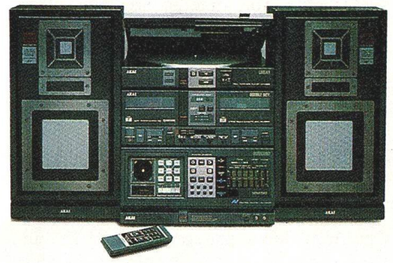
Priced at $1799 it is slightly more expensive than seemingly comparable brands, but the performance hasn't been compromised to fit under a certain price bracket.

Nor have your future sound requirements.

The M35 gives you the ability to integrate stereo video and TV as well as having a matrix sound circuit built-in should you make the move to surround sound.

The system, which is available in black or silver, includes a linear tracking turntable, a 2 x 50 Watts (DIN) receiver with built-in 5 band graphic equaliser, 16 channel AM/FM digital tuner and remote control, a micro computer controlled double auto reverse cassette deck and 2-way, 60 Watt rated input speakers.

If you really care about the



performance of both your sound equipment and the artist you listen to, we suggest you listen to the M35 at your nearest Akai dealer.

We think you'll agree that it's worth a few extra dollars to get the extra performance.

After all, you don't buy a hi-fi every day.

AKAI

We care about the performance.

Foster Nunn Loveder AKA 0005

MONEY

Don't go abroad without traveller's cheques . . . and credit cards . . . and some cash, just in case.

If you watch any television at all, you have doubtless seen Mr Wong, the kindly tour guide. ("American Express! They have an office right here in Hong Kong.") This commercial, and countless others televised over the years, have made traveller's cheques the most popular way to carry money abroad.

It's no secret why. Notes in foreign currency may be useful for small expenditures such as snacks or airport buses (especially if you arrive when the banks are closed), but it is foolhardy to carry large amounts of foreign cash. If your hoard is lost or stolen, you are simply out of luck. Most travel insurance policies will not reimburse you for lost currency, and those that do set strict limits on their liability. Traveller's cheques, on the other hand, can always be replaced, sometimes within the same day.

This does not mean that traveller's cheques are the only safe way to make purchases abroad. Credit cards are also safe and convenient. In fact, they are almost as widely accepted as cash. Visa cards, for example, may be used in more than 100 countries, with a total of 4.5 million separate outlets. (Forget Bankcard though, it's strictly local.)

One of the great advantages of using credit cards is that charged items may not appear on your account for several months. This gives you time to accumulate the money to pay for those extravagant last-minute purchases.

A potential disadvantage of using credit cards overseas is the possibility of currency losses. These can easily occur because your purchases are converted to Australian dollars before they appear on your bill. Thus, a fall in the dollar will increase the amount you will have to pay. Of course, currency fluctuations can also work in your favor. The dollar could *rise* in value, making your purchases less expensive than you thought they would be. Currency fluctuations do not affect traveller's cheques because the exchange rate is fixed when you buy them.

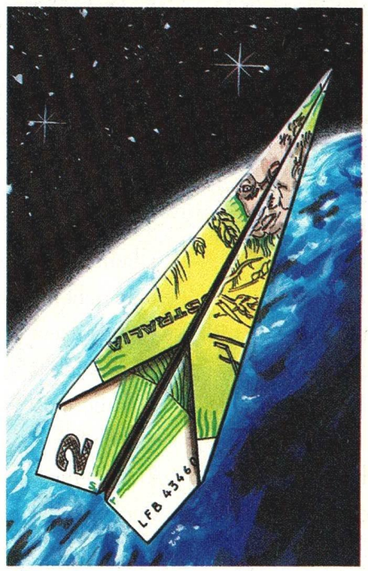
In addition to charging goods and services, credit cards can also be used to get cash advances overseas. All you need to do is contact a participating bank.

But because most credit cards limit both the amount of cash you can get, and the total purchases you can make, they are not a complete alternative to traveller's cheques. Knowledgeable tourists carry both.

Although they appear similar to ordinary cheques, traveller's cheques work a little differently. Instead of opening an account and writing cheques in varying amounts as you need them, traveller's cheques come in fixed denominations which you must pay for in advance. A $50 traveller's cheque will cost you $50, a $100 cheque will cost you $100 and so on.

Actually this is not quite all they cost. There is also a commission to be paid, normally one percent of total face value. Thus, if you buy $1000 worth of traveller's cheques, the commission will be $10. Some credit unions and travel agents sell traveller's cheques at less than the typical commission, and if you shop around, you may be able to find traveller's cheques being sold for no commission at all.

This doesn't mean the company issuing the cheques is not making a profit. Remember, they collect interest on your money from the time you buy the cheques until you finally use them. Often, this can be a lengthy interval.



To minimise lost interest, don't purchase traveller's cheques until you are ready to depart and don't hold on to any unused cheques when you return. Deposit them immediately into your savings account so that you can start earning interest. Also, try not to return home with pockets full of foreign coins. Australian banks will not accept them for deposit, nor will they exchange them for Australian money so you're stuck with them forever unless you can find a willing infant to unload them on.

Traveller's cheques are available in a variety of foreign currencies, although the most common are US dollars, pounds sterling, German marks, Swiss francs and Japanese yen. For truly sophisticated travellers, cheques are available from European banks in ECUs (European Currency Units). ECUs are accepted in most European countries, thus removing the need to convert from one currency to another. Daily rates are quoted in each country's newspapers and banks and are cashed in at some fixed percentage. For example, about 1.4 ECUs will buy a single pound sterling.

But whatever the denomination, traveller's cheques are accepted as equivalent to cash in most major cities and tourist areas throughout the world. However, there are shops and restaurants that refuse to accept them so it pays to ask before you buy.

Although the most popular traveller's cheques are those issued by American Express, cheques are also available from other travel companies (Thomas Cook, for example) as well as from banks. No matter where you buy them, all traveller's cheques work exactly the same way. You sign them once when you first buy them and again when you use them. Each cheque is individually numbered so, if they are lost or stolen, they can be replaced by visiting the local office of the company or bank that issued them. (Provided, of course, that you retain the numbers.)

Usually the replacement process can be accomplished in one day. However, I have discovered an important exception. As an experiment, on a recent Queensland holiday, I rang up several companies and claimed to have lost my traveller's cheques. The day I chose just happened to be Labor Day.

One company failed to answer the telephone. Another told me that I could not obtain a refund for lost cheques until the next working day. ("No refunds unless the banks are open" was how the representative put it.) In other words, despite their guarantee that lost cheques would be replaced, these companies had no provision to help customers whose loss occurred on a holiday.

I was beginning to believe that if I had really lost my cheques, and had no emergency funds or credit cards, I would just have had to skip dinner. But American Express was able to organise a refund on the same day. They offered to arrange a partial reimbursement, enough to see me through to the next day when their office would refund the remainder of my "lost" cheques. Isn't this the service one should expect in the unusual circumstances of overseas travel, when the unexpected becomes the norm?

— SETH GREGORY

ILLUSTRATION BY ANTHONY MAZZERI

PARFUM
N°5
CHANEL
PARIS

CHA512 86USPNeedham

WOMEN

How I went to the Caribbean and learned to stop worrying about sex.

I packed my bags and left town with the kid. He always wanted to go to the Caribbean. I didn't care much. My life was shot.

Okay, not shot. But there comes a time in a woman's life when too much water has gone under the bridge and the idea of knitting seems awfully racy. When even fantasies are too much trouble. When the prospect of being sexual seems absolutely appalling.

My friends scoffed when I said I was never taking my clothes off in company again.

"Well, not for a year," I said. "I may not be retired, but I'm on a leave of absence. Anybody wants to fuck me, he can apply in September 1988."

"I'll bet you dinner at The Regent you'll get laid in the next two months," said Rita.

"Don't be crude," I said, "we're talking about a life crisis here."

I had ironclad reasons. One was the male-shortage myth, political propaganda to make women feel desperate. Women are being pressured intensely to give up jobs and start batting their eyelashes again. Anti-feminist propaganda has reached an alarming high. Even my erstwhile pal Asa Baber has joined the bandwagon in his recent Men columns. This depresses me. Then there were the diseases. Then there was my personal life.

Maybe this has happened to you. You're demented-in-love, you spend too long finding out it will never work. Then you spend an equally long time feeling like a plant that has been bending one way toward the sun, but the light-source has changed and now it's time to start growing upright again. Please say you understand what I mean.

Anyway Barbados is near the equator and the heat is so thick you feel as if you're being ironed. The airport was probably 15 kays from our hotel, but the cab ride took about 45 minutes, because the main highways are barely two cars wide and people walk in them, often carrying parasols or large parcels on their heads. Plenty of wild, strangely configured palms, plenty of monkeys.

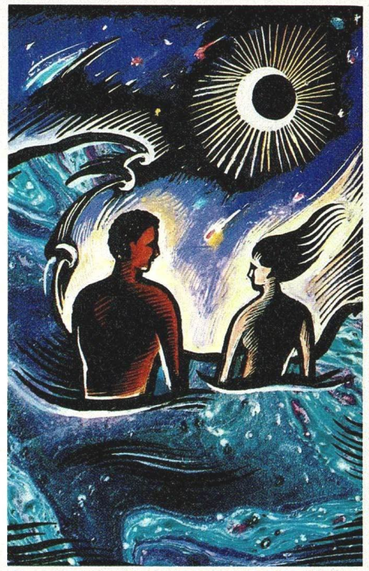
We arrived at our hotel, the Colony Club, which has the best beach situation probably in the world. Overhanging trees, *chaises longues* under thatched umbrellas, the bar and open-air luncheon patio right there. So you can get a thickly rummed pina colada and lie there getting gently drunk and then stroll into the Caribbean, which cradles you like a baby.

I floated and stared at the poison Manichel trees and got to feeling rickety and strange. The last thing I wanted was the tension to ooze from my body, since it was holding me together. So I got dressed and went to the police station.

"I want a driving permit please," I said to the cutest cop I've ever seen. He took my money, stared deep into my eyes, and told me his name was Colin. Perked me right up, it did.

The kid and I went to the flower forest and took pictures of each other. We went to the wildlife preserve where I went into shock watching a monkey carrying around her dead baby while the other monkeys tried to wrest it from her grasp. We went to Bridgetown, the capital, and looked at hideous duty-free china. We sweated like pigs and drank Banks beer, which is wonderful. I was running around as if I were back home, still in my work mode.

That night, while dressing for dinner, which you have to do in Barbados, since there don't seem to be any inelegant restaurants, the telephone rang. This was obviously a mistake: no one was allowed to call me.



It was the cop.

I swear I only said I would go out with him because the tourists in Barbados are so unappealing. You don't want to talk to them; they are either plummy-voiced, affected English people or snotty Americans who condescend graciously to the natives. Horrible. So I said, "Sure, Colin, come right over."

He doesn't drink, he is in the habit of busting people for drugs and he lives with his mother and several siblings. "How do you like the tourists here?" I asked him, apropos of nothing much.

"Is there a city in the United States called Georgia?" he wondered. "I shouldn't say this, but those people are rude. Why do they come here where the population is 90 percent black?" What could I possibly tell him?

I don't know, it became a relationship. The sun did the inevitable and relaxed me. I bought a tiger-print sarong from a beach vendor. I snorkelled and saw the pretty fishies. Colin called three times a day, often fresh from another drug bust. We had tiffs, even. More like negotiations. About me not being where I said I'd be, about him being late.

It seemed normal, which I'm not used to. I'm used to 1987, where the attitude between the sexes is basically "I hate you and I'm going to play every game I can think of" — "Oh yeah? Well, fuck you!" This holiday relationship was organic give and take; I started dimly remembering the way things used to be.

I was having vivid dreams and nightmares every night, to the tune of the ceiling fan. One morning I woke up, and the unhappiness which had been permeating me suddenly seemed discrete, tangible. I could almost see it — a black bundle of misery — and I was beginning to separate from it, to put it into perspective.

I don't want to be like this anymore, I thought, I'm going to stop.

"I'm hungry, mum, let's go to breakfast," said the kid. We ate papaya and pancakes and drank strong tea and decided we were too lazy to ever move again. I felt my misery floating away, off into space. Tropical strangeness.

Meanwhile I was hardly letting Colin hold my hand. Too soon it was my last night and Colin and I went walking on the beach. Every time he tried to touch me I closed up. He thought I was a maniac. I used up some courage to put my arm around his waist, where I felt a hard bulge. He wasn't glad to see me, he had a pistol in his pocket. We came to some rocks.

"Let's go skinny-dipping."

"I don't want to."

"Why not?"

What could I say? Because I'm a dried-up prune?

Untrusting, cynical and frightened?

"Let's go skinny-dipping."

Reader, I looked up. At that moment a star dropped straight down from the sky. I looked at the sea, then at Colin, grinning in the dark. I started untying my sarong. What the hell, you gotta live.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL

MEN

Three easy lessons on how to get into a woman's ski pants (or whatever else she's wearing).

You're probably reading this while you're lounging outside your ski lodge. You're probably looking around at the scenery every 10 seconds. The hills and valleys in the jumpers on the women in the tight ski pants, that's the scenery I'm talking about. You say it's taken you 15 minutes to read these four sentences? I understand. Believe me, I understand.

You're trying to get up the nerve to talk to the women who appeal to you, aren't you? You're thinking of intros. "Nice day, isn't it?" "Excuse me, do you have the time?" "I'm sorry, but could I borrow a little sunburn cream for my nose?" "Do you know you're getting burned on your cheeks?"

Oh, clever. Really clever. You know those are dumb lines. You know you'd like to have some new material. And you also know that you're not crazy about possible rejection. Face it: there's not a man alive who hasn't backed down, wimped out, walked away from a woman who was attractive to him —but who seemed too beautiful and formidable to deal with.

Well, you've come to the right column. There are ways around your shyness. It just takes a little thought, some minimal planning. All you need is a knee brace, an old shirt, and a piece of paper: three items that will change your luck for the better. You use them at different times in different ways, but they all point to the same goal: meeting and greeting women you fancy.

1. The knee brace. We're talking much more than a bandage here. We're talking a device, an implant, a big old thing that has straps and braces and leather and hinges, a medieval contraption that makes it look like you definitely have a knee that doesn't work. Sure, it'll cost a little, but you can always buy the basic brace and then jazz it up at home.

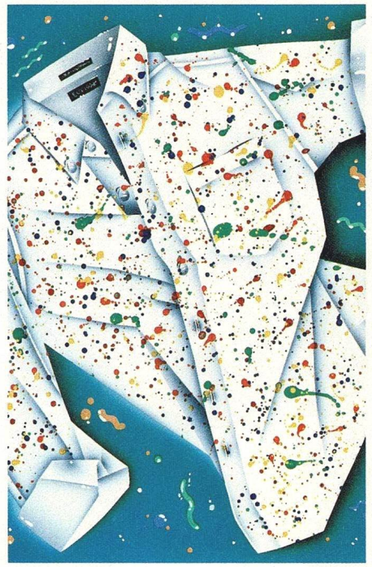
Frankly, if you had your knee brace with you outside the ski lodge, you probably wouldn't be alone now. If you'd limped on to the snow while wearing it — and you have to limp with a knee brace or you'll spoil the effect — you'd be an immediate conversation piece. You'd be noticed, and some of the women watching you would feel sorry for you, which is exactly what you want.

Come back to the piste tomorrow wearing your knee brace. Limp toward the slopes. Smile bravely. If you see an attractive woman, sink suddenly to the snow while you hold your braced knee with both hands. Don't fall right on top of her. Have a little couth. Tug feebly at her parka and moan once. Only once. If she offers to help you, refuse that help. At first. But keep talking as you test your knee, collapse again, stare at the sky and silently curse your fate.

Do *not* claim your injury is an old war wound. Women these days could not care less about Vietnam veterans. They see them as stubborn and devious and preoccupied with sex, which is very accurate. No, you want to come on as a professional athlete who has just signed a huge contract and has three months to go before training begins. The three months gives you time to figure out another story.

The knee brace presents you as virile but temporarily fallen, a condition most women cannot resist. It allows you to appear vulnerable with good reason. It is also ideal for beaches, health clubs and swimming pools. It's almost as good as the shirt.

2. The shirt. I don't know which shirt. Just pick out one of your old shirts. Then go get some paint. No, not that big bucket of house paint. Buy some small tubes of oil paint from an artist's supply store. Put different colors on each of your fingertips. Slowly wipe them all over your shirt. Let the paint dry. Then take the shirt with you everywhere.



The ploy is this: you go to the nearest art museum and find the room with the Impressionists in it. The French Impressionists, that's right. You're wearing an old shirt. You've mussed your hair slightly. You stand and stare at the paintings. You seem oblivious to everyone. Try to look tortured, hungry and rebellious. Think of your last tax audit or something like that.

Within three minutes, one or two women will begin circling around you and the paintings you're staring at. Sigh once. Only once. By this time, you'll probably be asked if you're a painter. Nod that yes, you are, and ask one of these three questions: a) "Do you think Seurat was diabetic, or was he really exploring the nature of light and form?" b) "If Daumier were drawing today, do you think Disney Studios would give him a job?" c) "Did you ever want to get away from it all the way Gauguin did?"

There is a chance that you will be asked about your work. You should say, "I'm into acrylics mostly but I still like oils." If pressed further, say, "Look, I really don't like to talk about my work while it's in progress." Say this with a controlled hysteria that indicates your brilliance often gives you agony. She'll love it. You probably won't even need the shopping list.

3. The shopping list Any piece of paper will do. Write down some things you need for your home. Do not, I repeat, do not list brand names. That shows no imagination and it defeats your purpose. Not much conversation can be made out of "Where's the Ajax?"

So you write vague descriptions of the things you need: "stuff to clean floors with", "something to eat", "dirty windows", "bleach and soap?" That's enough. You're doing categories, not names.

Then go to your nearest supermarket. Better make it a large one, because you're going to be hanging around for a while. You don't want store security on your case, and you don't want the women you've talked to in aisle one to see you operating soon after in aisle eight.

Your face should be a combination of these qualities: puzzled, hopeful, sorrowful, plucky, sexually neutral. Practise this face in front of a mirror until you get it right.

Glance at the list, stare at the shelves, shake your head in confusion, look around shyly for help. If one of the shelf-stockers asks if he can be of assistance, growl, "Go away, kid, you bother me," and put on your lost little boy face again.

You are the ultimate helpless male. You are either divorced, widowed, or just back from Asia (you choose). As a helpless male, you have every right to ask advice from the women who happen to pass by and who, coincidentally, happen to appeal to you. You are harmless, vulnerable, trying to hold your own household together. How can any woman be offended?

Okay, that's three to get lucky. I've got more of them. Later I'll tell you about the toe shoes, the dark glasses, and the goldfish.

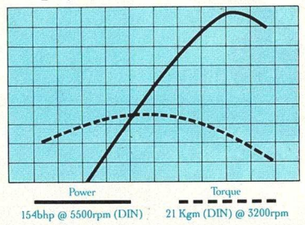
— ASA BABER

The raw excitement of Alfa Romeo is now available in a civilised saloon.

It seems almost a contradiction in terms. But as Sydney Morning Herald motoring journalist David Robertson so succinctly puts it, "The Alfa 75 is the sports car for the family man, and it just goes to prove that you can have your cake and drive it."

At the heart of the new Alfa 75 is the race-proven 2.5 litre fuel injected V6 engine which has had the critics singing its praises for years. As yet another motoring authority, Mark Fogarty of The Melbourne Herald writes, "It's a joy just to listen to its musical note. And being a free-revving spirit, it encourages you to play tunes on the close-ratio gearbox."

At the stern of the Alfa 75 V6 is Alfa Romeo's famous de Dion rear axle with Watts linkages. To which we've added double-acting shock absorbers all round, and variable rate torsion bars at the front.



Of course, excitement is only half the story with the Alfa 75 V6. Inside the cockpit you'll find a delicate balance between sport and elegance.

Great care has been taken to make the driving position adaptable to any kind of driver. The steering column, for instance, is adjustable not only for angle, but for length as well.

There's a leather-bound steering wheel, ten-function check control, AM/FM digital radio-cassette system with four speakers, front electric windows and central locking.

Outside, you will see twin rear vision mirrors, front fog lights, alloy wheels and European steel-belted radials.

If we have succeeded in overcoming any of your prejudices against what has been described as a certain basic rawness with Alfa Romeos, a greater surprise is yet to come.

Alfa Romeo has one of the highest resale values of any car. A remarkable 81% retained value.

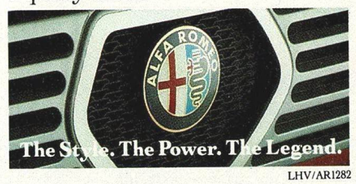
A figure which we confidently expect to rise in the light of a rigorous new test program called PQC, which is short for Preventative Quality Control. PQC sets meticulous quality standards not only in every stage of construction, but pre-delivery as well.

Alfa 75 V6

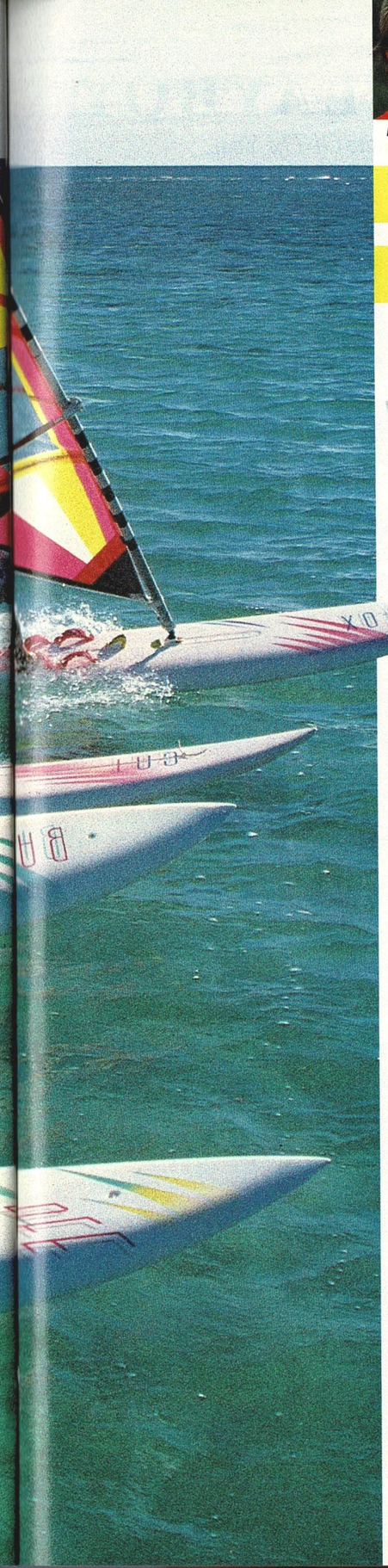
And each car receives an anti-corrosion treatment that's so comprehensive, each car carries a six-year factory-backed anti-corrosion protection plan. Which is twice as long as any similar Japanese warranty.

It would seem, therefore, that Alfa Romeo has performed the impossible with the new Alfa 75 V6.

A sports car cunningly disguised as a quality saloon.



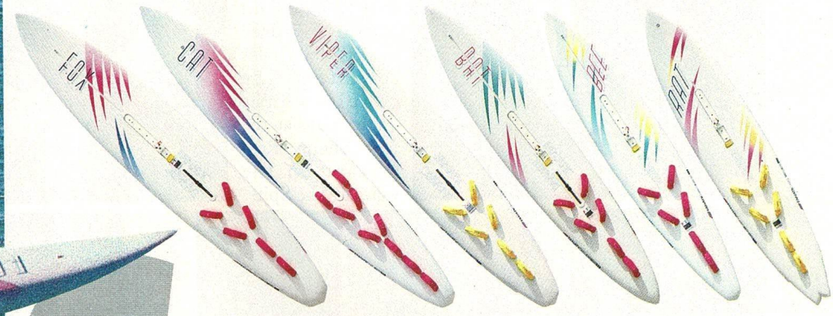
LHV/AR1282



Philip Pudenz

What's special about FANATIC?

The total hi-tech experience and extraordinary speed.



Continuous progress: three FANATIC technologies for a new level of high performance. ■ New PROTEC CARBON. The material sensation of the future. Ultra Light. Ultra stiff and super tough. ■ Improved COPEX '86. Three layer thermoplastic technology with Lexan®/polycarbonate. Lighter and stiffer than conventional ASA. ■ Current shapes by the design team of Pudenz/McElheny for more speed and fun. ■ Camber induced or booster cut FANATIC rigs. Exclusive TRI STOP Mylar. Perfect shape and top performance. Made by NORTH SAILS. ■ Join the new FANATIC experience. Why should you accept anything less?

FANATIC

perfect fun

LICENSED BY HOYLE SCHWEITZER

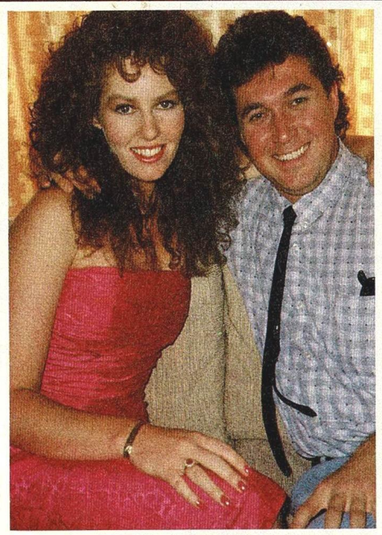
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

A busy round of engagements for our beautiful Playmate Of The Year.

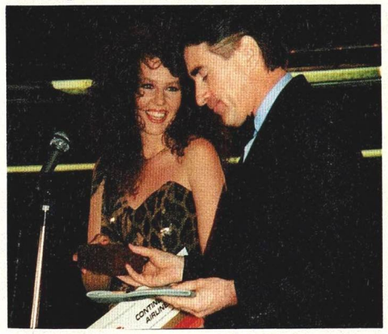
PERFECT MATCH

Felicity appeared on TV's popular *Perfect Match* in May and was paired with lucky Paul Spitieri, a Sydney model and sales consultant. The couple won a dinner date at the new Shores Restaurant on the water at The Spit.

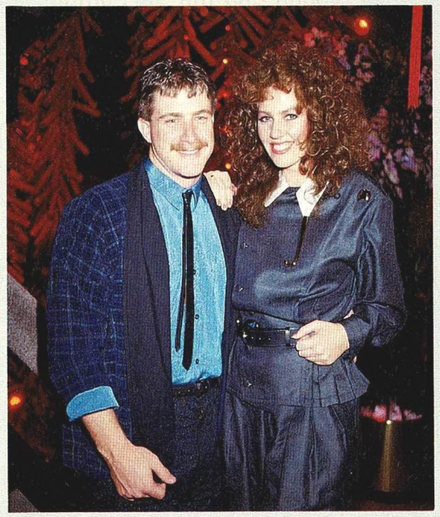
Felicity's busy round of press engagements included a press conference at The Old Adelaide Inn. Felicity was a huge hit with the media in her hometown of Adelaide where she's well known as a top fashion model. Here she's pictured being interviewed by Channel 10 news reporter Mike Smithson.



Maurice Parker of Channel Seven's *Terry Willesee Tonight* was one of many reporters who followed up stories on Felicity's win. Apart from many TV appearances, Felicity also did guest spots on radio breakfast shows in Sydney and Adelaide, and appeared in TV news bulletins on the day of the Playmate Of The Year announcement.



Australian Playboy publisher and editor-in-chief, Philip Mason, and Felicity Collins at the Playmate Of The Year media breakfast held at Sydney's Sebel Town House. Felicity's prizes included an Alfa Romeo Sprint, a trip for two to the USA with Continental Airlines, JVC video and audio equipment, jewellery from Ferrari and a Raymond Weil gold wristwatch.



DREAM DATE

Thousands of readers entered our Playmate Of The Year Dream Date Contest but it was Warren Downing of Williamtown, near Newcastle, NSW, who came up trumps. Warren is an electronics technician in the avionics section of the Williamtown RAAF base. Warren and Felicity dined at the sumptuous Imperial Peking Harborside restaurant at The Rocks in Sydney. Lobster fresh from the tank and bottles of French champagne added a special sparkle to a dreamy evening.

SHOWBIZ

Easy pickings in New Orleans, hard times in London, and Moonlighting's Bruce Willis gets down.

WAY DOWN YONDER: If Chicago was last year's flavor for Hollywood movie locations, there's little doubt that this year it's the far more exotic New Orleans. First there was *No Mercy*, with **Kim Basinger** in the inevitable wet shirt dancing to the sensual beat of a cajun nightclub band, while **Richard Gere** played cops and robbers; then there was **Mickey Rourke** in *Angel Heart* as a private eye mixed up with Satanism and voodoo, with a background of traditional jazz. Now comes another cop thriller, *The Big Easy*, which doesn't exploit the local color quite so blatantly, but is nevertheless a much superior movie. **Dennis** *(The Right Stuff)* **Quaid** plays a laid-back police lieutenant who accepts a certain amount of corruption (the "Widows And Orphans Fund") as part of a lowly paid cop's life. However, when rival gangland members start getting killed off, an ambitious assistant DA, played by sexy **Ellen Barkin**, decides the time has come to clean things up. Quaid manages to penetrate her defences in more ways than one — there's some real sexual chemistry on display — but he's tricked into being caught with his hand in the till, and Barkin prosecutes him mercilessly. At this point our sympathies

The Big Easy: Sexy Ellen Barkin begins to feel the chemistry with Dennis Quaid.

are all with Quaid, but worrying questions begin to emerge about how far police corruption will go, and in the end the pair find themselves reunited in the face of heavy odds. Cop thrillers have a tough time at the box office, but *The Big Easy* has already proved terrifically popular at film festivals throughout America, and could turn out to be another big hit for director **Jim** *(Breathless)* **McBride.**

•

NEWSBREAKS: Yoko Ono is reported to be set to make her feature-film debut playing the wife of a man who has a heart transplant... and **David Bowie, Elton John, Bob Dylan, Julian** and **Sean Lennon** and the three surviving Beatles will be among the people interviewed for a new documentary film on **John Lennon**, which will be accompanied by a book, an album and a home video... **Cyndi Lauper** is to play a psychic in her first film *Vibes*, co-starring **Jeff Goldblum**. Two guys in London who look like **George Michael** and **Andrew Ridgely** and do **Wham!** songs on stage are calling themselves **Sham**... **Bette Midler** will be executive producer of her upcoming film bio of **Lotte Lenya**... **Mick Jagger**, whose video movie *Running Out Of Luck* is like a home movie when **Rae Dawn Chong**'s not on screen, and whose acting is like amateur hour, nevertheless has undeniable charisma — and he won't be taking the **Stones** on tour. It really does look like the end for the World's Greatest Rock'n'Roll Band. . However, rumors of **Dire Straits** breaking up are categorically denied by bassist **John Ilsley**... Four of Motown's hottest '60s stars, **Martha Reeves, Mary Wells, Eddie Kendricks** and **David Ruffin,** are joining forces for a *Dancin' In The Streets* tour across the USA. Now if only they'd venture Down Under...

•

THE DAY THE MUSIC DIED: The **Buddy Holly** plane crash looms almost as large for old rock'n'rollers as the Kennedy assassination. **Don McLean** commemorated it in *American Pie*, there was the movie starring **Gary Busey**, and 30 years later, the records still sell like hot cakes and are constantly reissued. The latest, *Buddy Holly — Legend*, was released to chime in with **Coppola**'s smash hit, *Peggy Sue Got Married*, which took its title from one of Holly's minor hits. It's also widely remembered that the two rockers who died in the same plane crash were the **Big Bopper** *(Chantilly Lace)* and **Ritchie Valens**, but neither has ever received the same kind of treatment. Truth is that Valens, at 17 and still at high school, had already had three Top 10 hits along with an album of guitar music. Now Valens is to receive due recognition with the release of *La Bamba*, a movie based on his life which producer **Taylor** *(White Nights)* **Hackford** has been planning for the past 14 years. Despite Valens' comparatively brief career, he has sustained enormous interest because he was one of the first teenage rockers to appear from nowhere in the wake of the rock'n'roll revolution created by **Elvis Presley**. He was living proof that someone with talent could be recorded by an independent and be on national TV in a few short months (and, ironically, dead a few months later). His smash hit *Donna* was, in fact, written for the WASP classmate he had a crush on, whose father refused to let her see him. His meteoric rise led to crazy

"I" and Withnail: Down and out in London.

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies by graham barry

Amazing Stories Three-hander with disappointing Spielberg segment, but both horror spoofs are great. ¥¥¥

Angel Heart Private eye Mickey Rourke scours New Orleans to find who's sold their soul to the devil. Weird. ¥¥¥

Beverly Hills Cop 2 Incredible plot, but a big improvement, thanks to action director Tony (*Top Gun*) Scott. ¥¥¥

Black Widow Theresa Russell weds 'em, then deads 'em. Can Debra Winger stop her? Hitchcock would be proud. ¥¥¥

Dead Of Winter Mary Steenburgen's audition requires her to lose a finger and fight for her life. Erk! ¥¥

Lethal Weapon... is Mel Gibson as LA cop with death wish chasing drug-running Vietnam vets. Sensational! ¥¥¥¥

My Life As A Dog Swedish comic masterpiece about a wildly eccentric village. A gem for everybody. ¥¥¥¥¥

Outrageous Fortune Shelley Long and Bette Midler may be sexist but they'll make you laugh your tits off. ¥¥¥¥

Personal Services Madam Julie Walters gives dirty old men the time of their lives. Lovely sleaze. ¥¥¥

Radio Days Woody Allen's affectionate memory of youth corrupted by the wireless. Warm and witty. ¥¥¥

Raising Arizona Childless ex-cop and her ex-crim hubby kidnap a quintuplet, assuming one won't be missed! Whacky. ¥¥¥

Tin Men Lots to think about but Richard Dreyfuss and Danny de Vito's best efforts can't quite lift this one. ¥¥

True Stories Talking Head David Byrne's first try at directing can only be described as quirky. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥¥ Outstanding
¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

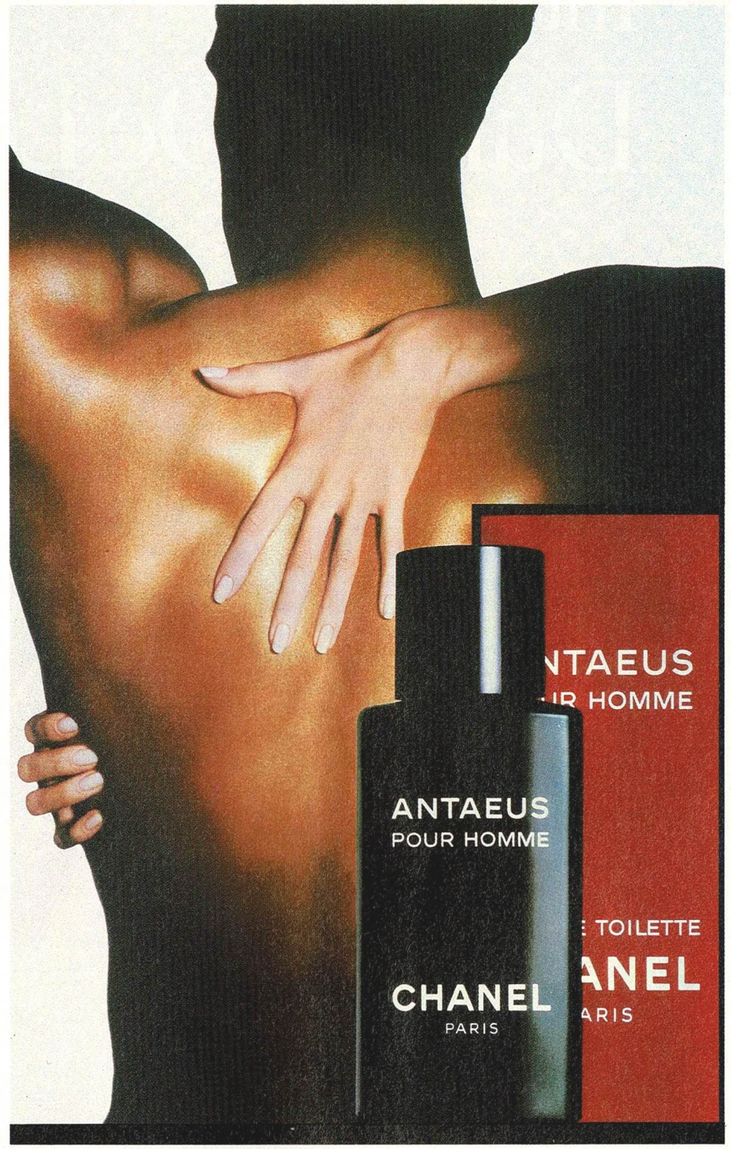
situations where this little schoolgirl would suddenly hear a song dedicated to her coming over every wireless and TV set, much to her father's chagrin. *La Bamba* itself is a rock classic and the movie is something of a rock'n'roll landmark, with a whole string of rock legends played by modern singers who have perfected their styles, so that **Eddie Cochrane, Jackie Wilson,** Holly, the Big Bopper, Valens, and even good old **Alan Freed** — all long dead — seem to be magically alive again.

•

RETURN OF THE MONOCLED MUTINEER: We didn't have to wait long to see **Paul McGann** again after the enormous splash he made on television with *The Monocled Mutineer*. This time he's on the big screen in a lunatic farce titled *Withnail And I*. Presented by HandMade Films, purveyor of crazy movies to the public, and with executive producer Beatle **George Harrison**, who specialises in that sort of thing (he was one of the chief backers of the *Monty Python* films), *Withnail And I* is an ideal vehicle for McGann's special ability to convey the feeling that he's the last sane person (or so he believes) in a mad world. And despite his total incompetence at dealing with life as the "I" of the title, one can but sympathise, given the outrageous character of his friend Withnail. The ill-matched pair are out-of-work actors who live in a situation of total degradation in late-'60s, barely-swinging London, existing on a mixture of dole, drugs and booze, and the vague hope that eventually they'll come good at an audition. The audience watches in hysterics and mounting horror as the hapless duo abandon their filthy flat (which has something almost alive in the sink) and head for the country cottage of Withnail's uncle, a portly poofter who comes in lumbering pursuit of "I". Unfortunately their rustic idyll turns out to be even worse than London (despite the breathtaking beauty of the Lake district). It isn't just the rain, the mud, the lack of fuel and food — one feels that Withnail and "I" could fail anywhere. Withnail is played just this side of dementia by **Richard E. Grant**, a lad with a big future in his first role, and the movie is also a first-time director's outing for **Bruce Robinson**, an Oscar nominee for writing *The Killing Fields* and an ex-film actor of some note.

•

REELING AND ROCKING: TV's *Moonlighting* star, the popular **Bruce Willis**, shows himself to be more than just Hollywood glitz with the release of an album titled *The Return Of Bruno* (RCA). Unlike other "stars" of the same ilk, such as Don Johnson and David Soul, who both tried to muscle their way into music stardom and failed dismally, Willis's effort works, especially the groovy dance track *Respect Yourself* which has had considerable success in America. That's no recommendation, we hear you say? Well, it sure makes us get down!



THE POWER TO PROVOKE

ANTAEUS

CHANEL

CHA 547/87

Introducing
Dunhill De Luxe 25's

Always in
good taste

Created by our blenders
from tobaccos of exceptional quality
Also available in De Luxe Mild

dunhill
DE LUXE FILTER
25
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

DD2.CO
CC2317/85

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

IMELDA AND FERDINAND MARCOS

A candid conversation with the former president and first lady of the Philippines about tyranny, revolution, betrayal and those shoes.

On a good day, Ferdinand Marcos rises with the sun, does a few stretching exercises, and gazes out at his territory: a couple of hectares of grass and flowers in the hills of Honolulu, with a decent view of Diamond Head.

His wife, Imelda, wakes up a few hours later and prepares for her day: tending the rows of purple bougainvillaea she's planted, pottering about in her garden — an assemblage of clay pots with plants from the homeland enclosed by a mesh of chicken wire. She then plans the day's main events — lunch and dinner.

Theirs is a classic study in bathos: how the mighty have fallen. For 20 years, they ruled supreme as the president and first lady of the Philippines. Elected president in 1968, Marcos declared martial law in 1972, because of what he called the "communist menace" from rural resistance in his first term. In short, he turned his country into his own personal fiefdom. Imelda became governor of metropolitan Manila, assuming vast control over who did what in her domain. Nothing was built if she didn't want it built, and she was determined to make her mark by gutting slums and erecting a huge cultural centre in downtown Manila, where she could entertain her famous friends like George Hamilton, Christina Ford, and Laurence Rockefeller. She also made the most of her title by jetsetting the globe, meeting world leaders (Gaddafi, Castro, Mao, Kosygin, the Shah, the Pope, to name a few) and established herself, in her own right, as a world figure.

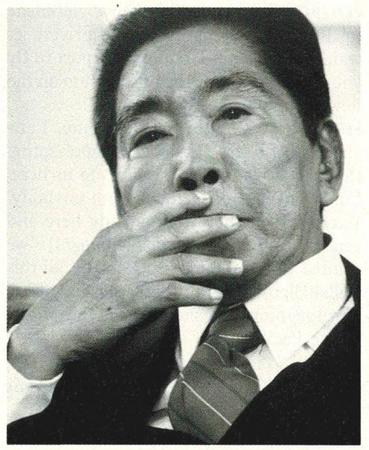
Her lavish, and, some critics would say, garish taste for finer things in life, the huge amounts of money she spent on furs, jewellery and shoes, and the reputation she garnered for dealing quite harshly with perceived enemies at home because of the power of the martial law decree, earned her the title in the world press of Dragon Lady of the Philippines.

"An enchanted fairy-tale" is the way Imelda Marcos likes to describe her political and marital union with her husband. The fairy tale began to sour, quickly, in 1984 when the Marcoses' major opposition leader, Benigno Aquino, returned from exile in the United States and was assassinated moments after his commercial flight landed in Manila. Although some 2000 Philippine Army troops were on hand to meet him, under the command of Ferdinand Marcos's chief of staff, Fabian Ver, Marcos maintained that a communist gunman somehow made his way through the ranks and shot him. International opinion said otherwise and Marcos was pressured into appointing his Supreme Court to investigate the matter. Meanwhile the middle-class businessmen of the country took to the streets in an unprecedented display of opposition, covered by international television. Marcos's police were brutal in their response and when Ver was officially acquitted and reappointed (he'd resigned temporarily during the investigation), the political pressure from the United States — the Reagan administration had always been a staunch supporter of the Marcos regime — and the daily demonstrations in Manila led Marcos to call for a quick election to reaffirm his presidency.

His opponent was Benigno Aquino's widow, Corazon, and her campaign pledge to rid the country of what she called the "Marcos corruption" became a mass movement. An international team of observers, including a delegation from the United States Congress, was dispatched to watch the polling places in the February 1986 elections. The vote-rigging in favor of Marcos was enough to make Tammany Hall blush — that was the general consensus.

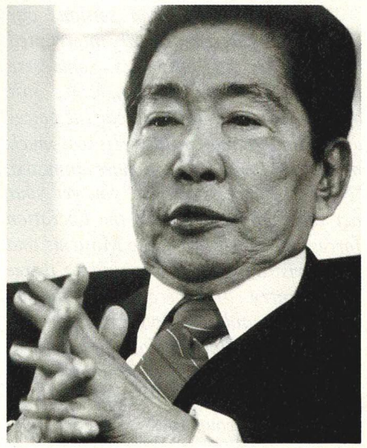
Corazon — "Cory" — Aquino, though she lost the popular vote, had clearly struck a note in the public mind. Within two weeks, long-time Marcos

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID HUME KENNERLY



"You have to account to God after death. He'd probably ask, Weren't you a participant in killing Aquino? I'd tell him, You know better than that, I was sick at the time."

"After a leader has fallen, he's suddenly ugly, a crook. Somoza! The Shah! Human rights! What about human right? We chose America, and that's why we were crucified!"



"They claim I'm worth — how much? Thirty billion? I say, 'Show me the paper and we can split it'. But they have to find it first! And not in pesos — in American dollars!"

supporters Juan Ponce Enrile, the Minister of Defence, and Fidel Ramos, Ferdinand Marcos's cousin who'd served as chief of staff while Ver was on suspension, switched sides and joined with Corazon Aquino to engineer a bloodless revolution. Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos, along with an assortment of family members and staff, were forced to flee Malacanang Palace in total ignominy in the middle of the night, abandoning the palace with half-eaten dinners on the table. The hasty retreat, say the Marcoses, was not just forced on them by the betrayal of Ramos and Enrile, but by the US State Department, without their old friend Ronald Reagan's knowledge. They maintain they were told they were going to Ilos Norte, Ferdinand Marcos's home island. Instead, they wound up in Guam, where their party's collective luggage was searched and millions of dollars in Filipino pesos were confiscated, along with many guns.

A few days later, they arrived in Honolulu, where they've been "marooned" — Imelda Marcos's word — ever since. Aside from gardening and stargazing, a lot of time is spent trying to avoid appearances before various American grand juries with prosecutors who want to trace the alleged billions of dollars they managed to hide in foreign bank accounts while they were in power, along with real estate deals they allegedly disguised under phony corporations their well-placed friends set up for them.

We sent freelance writer ***Ken Kelley*** *along with San Francisco Examiner reporter* ***Phil Bronstein*** *to Honolulu for a week to conduct the Playboy interview with the deposed duo. Here's Kelley's account:*

"During our luncheon session, our conversations were repeatedly interrupted by calls from the Philippines. Some were taken in the dining room, some just outside, but we could still hear the voices of Ferdinand and Imelda. His was much more low-key; hers, much more animated. 'Now you make sure that you get your act together, combine all the liberation forces, make sure that the Moslems and the Christians get together and we'll free the country and become one nation again,' she said at one point. In fact, she shouted that. Not just for the benefit of the reporters' ears. Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos desperately want to return to their country."

PLAYBOY: Mr President, if you were somehow to return to power in the Philippines what would be the first thing you would do?

FERDINAND: Immediately stop the corruption that is taking place under Madame Aquino.

PLAYBOY: The same corruption many feel drove you from office in the first place?

FERDINAND: That is the popular perception, encouraged by the media. What is never mentioned is that Madame Aquino's family has been one of the largest landholders in the Philippines for centuries.

PLAYBOY: How would you stop this alleged corruption?

FERDINAND: Arrest everybody engaged in it. Mrs Aquino doesn't have the nerve to do that.

PLAYBOY: So if you came back into power, you would arrest Mrs Aquino on corruption charges?

FERDINAND: No, I would just prevent her people from participating in all the enterprises they are engaged in. Like Peping Cojuangco [*Aquino's brother*]. He should just be anaesthetised. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Speaking of corruption, your old friend and former Defence Minister Johnny Enrile, who helped stage the revolt against you, said he committed fraud for you during the last election, the one you claim you rightfully won.

FERDINAND: Come on! Come on! He doesn't have the guts to commit fraud. He is a guy who always orders somebody else to do the dirty work.

PLAYBOY: But perhaps he was doing dirty work on your behalf. Don't you concede it was possible there was fraud going on during the elections?

FERDINAND: Yes. There was fraud on both sides. But *mine* was not massive. In the last weeks, my opposition was using greenbacks to buy votes. We have the sworn statements of some of these people.

PLAYBOY: Did you give these statements to the team of US observers which charged your side with fraud?

FERDINAND: Yes. No! Some of them. [*Laughs*] The team didn't really bother. One US general, I won't mention his name, visited one election precinct, then went to the bar and made up stories about us.

PLAYBOY: Thinking back about your downfall, do you now think you relied on people who betrayed you? How did you know whom to trust?

FERDINAND: It came down to a choice between bad and worse.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

FERDINAND: Meaning General Ramos or General Ver. How can you choose? One guy, Ramos, is a weakling and his people traitors. The other, Ver, would give his life for you — but he's too rough. He kicks people, things like that. Like Patton.

IMELDA: [*Joining the interview*] I used to tell him, "The palace is a snake farm."

FERDINAND: Still, I think the First Lady and I did acquire an instinct for who can be trusted. We flatter ourselves in believing we have been largely right, that we anticipate those who are not to be trusted.

IMELDA: [*Speaking at the other end of the table*] Our instincts? Well, remember, *he's* a very linear thinker — very precise, logical, one, two, three. But I think very... *woman*, very holistic. So sometimes he thinks I'm dumb and spaced out. He just cannot understand it.

PLAYBOY: What's an example?

IMELDA: I'll tell him this or that guy is no good. He'll say, "Wanna bet? His credentials are this, that, fantastic, he comes from Harvard, or wherever." I'll say, "Funny, but he just doesn't look right." When I'd do that, and have no real reason, he'd get furious with me because what I was saying was illogical, irrational.

PLAYBOY: And you always mistrusted Enrile?

IMELDA: Yes, and I'm sorry I was proved right, because he turned out the way he did.

PLAYBOY: Mr President, here is Mrs Marcos saying you are rational and logical about people, yet others have said you are superstitious. You believe in special numbers and you carry around a talisman, don't you?

FERDINAND: I am not superstitious. But I do believe in clairvoyance. I believe in extra-sensory perception. I believe in telepathic messages. I get the idea to watch out for a particular fellow — he might have a pistol in his pocket, ready to shoot you with. I sometimes feel messages can come across a room from a person — maybe a wink, whatever it is.

PLAYBOY: Does your clairvoyance tell you anything about a possible return to the Philippines?

FERDINAND: Yes. I have that feeling. God, or the Big Guy up there. My guardian angel tells me. I always keep asking: "Give me a sign if I can return."

PLAYBOY: Any signs so far?

FERDINAND: The first sign was: "Don't move yet."

PLAYBOY: What about the move you made in February, when there was a private jet waiting for you at Honolulu Airport to fly you back just before the referendum on the new Philippines constitution?

FERDINAND: No, no, wait a minute. Let's clarify this. There was someone representing this fellow who made inquiries to us here, but we never got in touch with anybody. Except when they were already here and sent word they were available [*laughs*] if we wanted to use them. I said, "After all this hullaballoo, how can I accept your offer? I'm not going to be shot down in the middle of the Pacific. That's not the graveyard I choose!"

PLAYBOY: You mean because it had become so public?

FERDINAND: Yes, all the hubbub that was created.

But back to your question. Do I believe in the spiritual, in the effectiveness of, well, communicating with your God? Yes. And I

WATCH A CENTREFOLD UNFOLD BEFORE YOUR EYES

The PLAYBOY COLLECTION
FOR SALE
The PLAYBOY COLLECTION
SHERRY ARNETT
"wet and wild"
Video CENTREFOLD
The PLAYBOY COLLECTION
TERI WEIGEL
Intimate and Revealing
Video CENTREFOLD
The PLAYBOY COLLECTION
© 1986 Playboy Programs Inc. All Rights Reserved. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE and RABBIT HEAD Design are marks of and used under licence from Playboy (U.S.A.).

The newest in the sultry PLAYBOY VIDEO COLLECTION

Video CENTREFOLDS

TERI WEIGEL and SHERRY ARNETT
intimate and revealing

A unique gift idea for only $19.99

Available now at your local department store or video library

Distributed by Palace Home Video
© 1987 Playboy Programs Inc. All rights reserved. PLAYBOY, VIDEO CENTREFOLD and RABBIT HEAD Design are marks of and used under licence from Playboy (USA).

GIVE A GIFT OF AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY THIS CHRISTMAS AND SAVE 35% ON THE COVER PRICE.

This year give the gift that lasts 12 wonderful months. An annual gift subscription to Australian PLAYBOY is available this festive season at a very special price. Instead of paying $54 you pay only $35 — A huge saving of $19!

For every gift subscription ordered you will receive an exclusive PLAYBOY gift card to send to your friends.

Fill in coupon complete with credit card details where applicable. Cheques should be made payable to Australian PLAYBOY.

Indicate your choice by placing a tick in the appropriate boxes.

☐ Gift Subscription ☐ Visa

☐ Also send me a subscription ☐ American Express

☐ Cheque enclosed ☐ Bankcard

Credit Card No:

Card Expiry Date:_____

Signature of Cardholder:_____
(Unsigned orders cannot be accepted)

Coupon should be posted to **Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.**

Send Gift to:

Name:_____

Address:_____

State:_____ Postcode:_____

From:

Name:_____

Address:_____

State:_____ Postcode:_____

A 1 year subscription **Australia** now **$35** **Other Countries** now **$45** (airmail rates on application).

believe you will have to make an accounting to Him after death. And say you'd killed so-and-so. I would have to say, "Yes, Lord, forgive me." If I *did*.

Like, for instance, He would probably ask me, "Weren't you a participant in the conspiracy to kill Benigno Aquino?" And of course I'd tell him, "You know better than that, Lord, because I was sick, I wasn't even working at the time at all when it happened. I really ripped into the office of security. I scolded them all for letting this happen."

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you still believe in the lone assassin theory — that the gunman, Ronaldo Galman, managed to penetrate all the airport security that your friend and chief of staff General Fabian Ver had set up?

FERDINAND: I don't "believe". I *know*.

PLAYBOY: Yet you announced that theory even before your own investigators had concluded their study.

FERDINAND: That was because the American ambassador and the State Department people were pestering me, along with my other critics. They insisted I find out. I told them I had a reliable source, but in this case he would probably be burned, killed, because they were insisting I say something.

PLAYBOY: When Aquino returned, he undoubtedly would have moved against you politically. What would you have done with him if he had not been murdered?

FERDINAND: Bring him back to prison! Because he already had a death sentence over him — there was no need to assassinate him. All you had to do is bring him back to prison and let the execution take place.

PLAYBOY: You mean you would have killed him anyway?

FERDINAND: No, I had no such intention. Throughout my 20 years in office, I only executed one prisoner — a major heroin dealer who took pride in having destroyed the lives of so many Filipinos. Aquino, though, he was a sly one. A cunning one. He always said he wanted to negotiate. He kept calling me to see if he could negotiate his way into the government. He even tried to do that a couple of months before he came back.

IMELDA: *I* ran against Aquino [*in congressional elections*]. He was no threat to the president and me. I beat Aquino by over a million votes.

PLAYBOY: But Mrs Marcos, he was in *jail* at the time.

IMELDA: Well, my God! That was the most romantic place to be in! I would like to be in jail when I'm running for office. No, my conscience is clear on Aquino. Afterwards, people suspected me of conspiring with General Ver, but in the past 20 years, I'd be surprised if I've spoken 10 sentences to the general. In fact, when I would call him, he would be terrorised.

PLAYBOY: Mr President, wasn't Aquino's assassination in fact the turning point for you? If he hadn't been killed, sparking great demonstrations in the Philippines, and outraging Washington, wouldn't you still be in the Malacanang Palace today?

FERDINAND: Well, not if the Americans had continued with their destabilisation program. His assassination just added to the resolve of the US Embassy to try and knock me out. It was [*former US Ambassador to the Philippines Michael*] Armcost, I think, who masterminded the whole thing. But look, he's now number two in the State Department. Let's not pick a quarrel with him. We have enough enemies...

PLAYBOY: Mrs Marcos, do you feel a bit of cabin-fever, overseeing the running of a small compound here in Hawaii, instead of the glory you once commanded?

IMELDA: No, because I feel this is just an *intermission*, in terms of my life. I don't have as much to do as I did when I was in my country, but I feel very happy. I have my garden to tend to, for instance. My bougainvillaeas are blooming, and I feel hopeful.

One of the things I pat myself on the back for is that I have not missed my possessions. It would be wonderful if I could see them once in a while, but I have a good memory. Malacanang Palace will always stay with me.

PLAYBOY: Still, to go from dining with heads of state to gardening — it must bother you.

IMELDA: What bothers me more is that the press, the media, have got it all wrong. My husband, a great humanist, is called a tyrant! A great dict. . . uh, I mean a great *democrat* is called a dictator! *That* bothers me. There is something really wrong with that. It's jaded, and it's wrong.

Fighting for the Philippines is like fighting for America because we are one in spirit. And yet you leave the Philippines, this jewel of a country, in the hands of a coconut! My friends in the Philippines tell me that they're now making Cory Aquino dolls that look like those horrible rag dolls — what do you call them?

PLAYBOY: Cabbage Patch?

IMELDA: Yes, those. And they're ugly. All the time I was in the Philippines they never made a doll of *me*. I guess it's not my fault, because I'm not ugly.

PLAYBOY: Whereas Mrs Aquino is?

IMELDA: No comment. [*Laughs*] I just believe in beauty. Take PLAYBOY, for instance. PLAYBOY really shows beautiful women in a way they can be admired. Some people call it pornographic, but I don't think so. I think PLAYBOY shows the beauty of the female body. Goya did the same thing hundreds of years ago.

PLAYBOY: We recall that you had a problem with naked pictures of yourself way back —

IMELDA: Yes, I got into trouble during the 1965 election. Somebody mounted my face on naked pictures. I was so furious — they were very naked, very ugly bodies. If they had put Marilyn Monroe's body there then I would have had no problem. I might even have ordered some. [*Laughs*]

But, I just don't understand why, when the United States has the most beautiful country in the world, they let other countries outsmart them.

PLAYBOY: What would be a better system?

IMELDA: There should be only one leader. Too many cooks spoil the broth! You have the Congress, a very strong Congress, you have the Justice Department —

PLAYBOY: You mean the judiciary —

IMELDA: Yes, that. And then you have the president, and then you have a fourth — the *media*! Who think of nothing but perceptions.

PLAYBOY: Mr Marcos began with a system like ours. You had in the Philippines the Batasan Pambansa, your own congress —

IMELDA: Yes, and that is why Marcos changed it. Originally it was like America's, but it did not work because we were all spread out — 7150 islands. So Marcos changed it to a parliamentary system.

FERDINAND: Excuse me, you're wrong. The reason was because in 1941 the congress system ended up with some congressmen blackmailing the president. He tried to, well, systematise the expenditure of public funds. Why? Because a lot of the congressmen were collecting bribes.

IMELDA: I didn't know this.

FERDINAND: If we hadn't stepped in and changed it, the entire system would have collapsed.

IMELDA: And as the days went by, it would have —

FERDINAND: Please hold on! Instead of the simple martial law we declared, the alternative would have been the commander-in-chief taking over the entire government.

PLAYBOY: Of course your critics charge that that's exactly what you did.

FERDINAND: You must understand that I was also protecting my life, and the life of my family, when I declared martial law. After the 1969 election, two American gunmen were caught in an attempt to assassinate me.

IMELDA: And they were hired by —

FERDINAND: Hold it! They were hired by the Lopez family, and many other of my enemies. Many of them confessed. Even when the senior member of the Lopez family, Eugenio, came to the Malacanang Palace to confess and apologise — he was coughing all over the place — I just said, "You didn't need to come here. I know what's going on. Furthermore, the lies you have spread about me and my wife —"

IMELDA: The president and myself —

FERDINAND: Hold it, hold it! Lopez said he wanted to apologise to me. He said, "I had nothing to do with the assassination plot, but I admit that the information I published about your wife was fabricated."

IMELDA: The worst thing he'd published was stories that I was stupid! And that I hadn't grown up across the street from where General MacArthur had his headquarters — that I grew up in a little shop.Can you imagine that?

PLAYBOY: Why were you accused of being stupid?

IMELDA: I went to a Benedictine convent for my entire education. And in this yearbook, that you'd autograph for your classmates, I would miss an "e" or an "i" or whatever. At least I wrote some words.

FERDINAND: She was also the student council president.

IMELDA: That's not the point. A psychiatrist came to look at how I wrote, and he said, she thinks faster than she can write. I always mistake words when I write, even today.

[*Ferdinand leaves the room to take a phone call*]

PLAYBOY: Earlier, we were talking about the betrayal by Enrile —

IMELDA: On the *day* we arrived here, knowing exactly that the main culprit of the coup was Johnny Ponce Enrile, "JPE", Marcos phoned him. Can you imagine that —calling your enemy —

PLAYBOY: Who had been your friend for 20 years.

IMELDA: Exactly. But Marcos says, you take over the prime ministership of the parliament, and I will support you. Imagine! Mrs Aquino did not offer the prime ministership to JPE!

PLAYBOY: Did that make you angry? That your husband had —

IMELDA: I was very angry. All of us were in a stage of shock. This man, Enrile, the one who caused all of these problems — it was so terrible. We suffered all these indignities when we left. We were dumped into a C-140, were all on top of each other, there was no opening in the aeroplane and we could hardly breathe, and it went from so cold to so hot — it was a plane meant only for cattle! So on the day, the very moment we arrive in Hawaii, he puts in a call to JPE, saying he'd support him with all of Marcos's supporters.

PLAYBOY: And how did you react?

IMELDA: I said, "You are insane!" [*Ferdinand returns to the room in time for that remark*]

PLAYBOY: Mr President, what do you think?

FERDINAND: Take her, take her, please. [*Laughs*]

IMELDA: I'm serious. Mrs Aquino abolished the constitution, abolished the parliament — and they talk about Marcos as a dictator? Marcos as oppressive? Marcos, the tyrant? Mrs Aquino, do you think by destroying Marcos the Philippines will flourish? If Marcos was the problem, okay, he's out. Why do you have to spit on him, curse him, kick him?

This woman, Aquino, she is *satanic*. In the name of God, she used God to package Communism, these crazy things.

PLAYBOY: Mr President, you've said that you wanted, at the very least, to be buried in your own country. If you do not succeed in going back, how do you think history will remember you?

FERDINAND: I cannot answer that yet. There are several scenarios which will determine exactly how I will be remembered by history.

...the heat is on!
IMPORTED FROM ITALY
SAMBUCA
BY GALLIANO
A LIQUEUR
Made and bottled by
D.R.L. S.p.A. - SOLARO (Italy)
PRODUCE OF ITALY
IMPORTED BY - JOHN CAWSEY & CO PTY LTD
Soft lights, romantic music and Sambuca glowing gently in the dark. Sambuca by Galliano, drink it straight (don't forget to add two coffee beans) or in your favourite cocktail.
Start up your Sambuca romance now-
Send for your free recipe/drinks brochure:
John Cawsey & Co.
Pty. Limited,
P.O. Box 61, Lidcombe,
N.S.W. 2141

PLAYBOY: Meaning you still hope to return alive?

FERDINAND: Let's put it this way: history is not through with me yet. I still believe that justice, no matter how slowly, it grinds. But it grinds exceedingly well.

PLAYBOY: Well, let us put it this way — when you hear, as you've heard at lunch today, your wife refer to you as honest, generous, loving, and the most wonderful man on earth, do you believe her?

FERDINAND: [*Pauses*] I am a full man.

IMELDA: No, you're a whole man.

FERDINAND: Right, I'm a whole man.

PLAYBOY: Which means?

FERDINAND: Most of the Third World people have lost the values that made them whole men — which is the perception of dignity, the true meaning of freedom, and the willingness to fight for that freedom.

IMELDA: Can I grab your pen for a minute? I can draw it for you, to show what I mean. [*Takes pen and illustrates, draws circles and squares and other configurations*] We're talking about the whole man, body, mind and spirit. You give the body what is good and makes him healthy. [*Draws circle*] And then, when everything is in harmony, he is whole and starts to smile. [*Draws a smile-face over the other drawings*] And if you take off one part of that, the picture will look like a crocodile, and we are *not* content with that. We want fulfilment and happiness, to make a truly happy face. If he has an unhappy face, it's this. [*She draws an upside down heart*] Mind, body, and spirit — and we all have a happy face!

PLAYBOY: Is this semiology you use a way of expressing a, what shall we say —

IMELDA: I call it a theology. It's a little presumptuous, but it is correct. I made a theology toward a new human order, using symbols. And I call it "Seven Portals To Peace". [*Takes pen in hand again*] Here I'm going to use only the numerical symbol of one and zero. Number one, how does the children (*sic*) draw a tree? Zero and one. See? As long as there is one tree on the planet, there will be infinity to bring about ecological order.

Number two, as long as there is one woman — this is the sex symbol of the woman, and one man the phallic symbol, there you have it — woman and man. So there will be infinity and there will be a human order. Are you following me?

PLAYBOY: We're trying. Please go on.

IMELDA: Number three, as long as you're not thinking of the dollar and going in circles for the dollar like a porcupine, instead man will be the centre, and man will flourish, the dollar will go around, and there will be an economic order. Using only zero and one! Zero, zero, zero, zero, zero. And man is the centre. And here's number four — I always say the cross problem is also an opportunity — the same thing as the Chinese. When they write about problems, they write two characters. One for danger and one for opportunity. Just like me — I don't solve problems. I recycle problems into assets. I recycle garbage into fertiliser and into fuel. I solve problems. I have assets.

PLAYBOY: Of course your financial assets, many of which are being held, have been of considerable interest to the media in America.

IMELDA: That's my problem. I have an American mind, I'm honest and open. That's what my problem is and the problem of America is — we tell everything.

PLAYBOY: You haven't told everything to the courts who want to know about your assets.

IMELDA: My dear, I *will* survive. Assets —

PLAYBOY: Such as, of course, the shoes in your closet when you had to leave the palace.

IMELDA: At least there were no *skeletons* in my closet, no? [*laughs*] What did they get when they went through my closet? A lot of samples; the images are faint and nice little things were there, and so — the shoes? People forget. In the Philippines, shoes are now 60 pesos a pair — that's $3.

And this business of my having 3000 pairs of shoes — even if I'd had 10,000 pairs of shoes for 20 years, that's only $30,000. Many people spend a lot more than that in 10 years. The thing is, I was promoting anything that was Filipino — I was the First Lady, remember that.

PLAYBOY: Did you only wear Filipino shoes?

IMELDA: Well — I was not always parochial, let's say. [*Laughs*] But I did wear a lot of Filipino-made shoes. Look at these, for instance. [*Takes off shoe on right foot*] This is Oleg Cassini, franchised in the Philippines, and it was made in two hours. [*Holds up shoe for inspection*] In Italy, the shoes would have taken two days to make. Two *days*!

PLAYBOY: Yes, but in Italy, they wouldn't have had rubber soles as yours do, would they?

IMELDA: They still stand up to wear. The point is, by making these shoes, we were able to give jobs to our people. Shoes were not even my weakness.

PLAYBOY: What was?

IMELDA: [*Laughs*] I'm certainly not going to say it out loud for PLAYBOY, are you kidding? Seriously, my weakness was trusting people I shouldn't have trusted.

FERDINAND: One thing about her shoes — she lost a shoe on a state visit to China because so many people were bugging her.Later, when they publicised the 3000, we joked that we should have brought them all along on *that* trip.

IMELDA: I got along the rest of the day in China with one shoe by wearing a long gown. But when I got back to Canton, I threw that shoe away. Next morning, one of the Cantonese officials brought me the original shoe I'd lost — they'd found it. Then, a few days after we got back to Manila, the Chinese ambassador came to call. He had with him the shoe I had thrown away!

The moral is: never throw shoes away because they will catch up with you. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Did you ever give your old friend Nancy Reagan a pair of Filipino-produced shoes? You did give her lots of presents over the years.

IMELDA: I'm sure I must have. [*Voice trails off*] I'm sure I did.

PLAYBOY: When President Reagan and Nancy stopped by in Hawaii and on their way to Bali last year, were you disappointed you didn't get to speak to them in person, only by phone?

IMELDA: [*Pauses*] No, I was happy we got to speak with them on the phone. We were grateful that they remembered to call, that they took time to speak to us.

PLAYBOY: What did you talk to Mrs Reagan about?

IMELDA: It was, well, woman talk.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

IMELDA: How are you, that kind of thing, I wish you all the best. We had spoken during the final days in Manila.

PLAYBOY: Really? You spoke to Mrs Reagan on the phone during that period?

IMELDA: Yes. On the day the palace was under attack by rockets, she said to me, "Come, Mrs Marcos, I invite you to come to the United States." The Reagans were very sweet and wanted us to be their guests. I had to say that I would be the last to leave my country. Unfortunately, the Reagans were then fed lies by bureaucrats. But I surely appreciated their humane concern at the time.

PLAYBOY: Has it ever occurred to you, now that the Reagans have their own dilemma with the Iran/Contra crisis, to call up Nancy Reagan and return the favor — just hang in there, that sort of thing?

IMELDA: Yes, I feel there will be a time and all of that, but I don't want to be presumptuous. They're smart enough to do all this thing right, and what President Reagan did has a moral foundation to it.

PLAYBOY: Selling arms to Iran has a moral foundation?

IMELDA: Look, you don't use your friends. You use your enemies to help your friends. What else would you do — use your friends to help your enemies?

PLAYBOY: Is that a rhetorical question?

IMELDA: You just cannot argue with me about it — President Reagan did what he did because he wanted to protect America. Reagan's number one oath is to protect America. And the system would not help so he had to go an illegal way. But it was morally right!

And of course I understand what it is like to be in distress. Last year, just before Thanksgiving, we were getting so congested in our home here — everybody was getting hot-headed with each other, wounding each other, hurting each other — it was like everybody had their own foxholes. So then some of our people came and said, Mr President, we are leaving, we can't stand this anymore, we've had it up to here [*points to neck*]. Enough's enough.

PLAYBOY: A mutiny?

IMELDA: A mutiny. So the president said, "Gentlemen, this situation reminds me of my namesake, Ferdinand Magellan. Magellan said, when he and his crew had not seen land for many months as they were circumnavigating the globe, 'Gentlemen, today we are no longer ordinary mortals. We have just turned into gods. And let us thank the Lord for this great privilege of having been so deprived, so humiliated, and given all these indignities because these are all instruments for heroism and greatness."

"And I promise you," said Marcos, "that this is one fight no one will lose — even if we fail, we fail as martyrs for freedom." There were three or four minutes of silence, then everybody stood up and saluted Marcos, and said, "We're sorry, sir."

When I saw this, I had to go and embrace the president. I said, "Hallelujah, this is *something*!" And ever since then, things have been fine with our staff.

PLAYBOY: You think of yourself as gods, then?

IMELDA: Yes, because we are on a divine mission.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

IMELDA: To return to the Philippines, to reclaim our destiny. I have never seen the president in a more glorious and shining moment than then.

FERDINAND: We are part of the achievement of being a god. That is what we are about now. An ordinary mortal will not be able to stand it. All of our statements now have to prove that we have not gone back to being ordinary mortals.

IMELDA: And even if we fall —

FERDINAND: We'll fall as martyrs for the cause, we fall with honor.

PLAYBOY: You've said you would do anything to keep the "flame" alive —

IMELDA: The flame of freedom!

PLAYBOY: What does that exactly mean?

FERDINAND: I'm willing to die! If necessary. But I don't think that may be necessary. . . I think that by the time your magazine comes out, we will be back in the Philippines. Under Madame Aquino's new constitution, there are elections in May, and our people are very strong. I would not be surprised if by the time this appears in print we are enjoying the Manila sunsets. [*Marcos leaves to take a phone call*]

IMELDA: After you've been deposed, after a leader has fallen, he's suddenly ugly, a crook. Somoza! The Shah! Everybody! You know who was the first to call us when we got here? The Shah's widow.

But again, why did Marcos proclaim martial law? Because the Communists were already pounding on the gates of Malacanang Palace, and in Congress. Did Americans realise why we did it at the time? No!

PLAYBOY: What Americans did hear were the many allegations by human rights groups, such as Amnesty International, of

A GENTLEMAN'S CHOICE.

CHANEL
FOR GENTLEMEN

CHA539/87USPNeedham

the terrible things the Marcoses had ordered done to people throughout the country —

IMELDA: Human rights! Human rights! Human rights! How about human *right*? We chose to be with America, not the Communists, and that's why we're now being crucified!

PLAYBOY: You keep invoking the deity. Do you think God had something special in mind for you?

IMELDA: Yes. I think He *has* something special in mind for me. This has been too much of a preparation. And I don't just believe in God — I make God *real*. I want to be surrounded by what is beautiful. I want to do beautiful things. Beauty is what God is all about. Very few people realise that in 10 minutes I can say the Filipino ideology, which is composed of beauty and truth. And this is a nice thing, because it's so timely.

FERDINAND: [*Returning to the table*] My doctors have been telling me to take my nap. I said I have an interesting interview with PLAYBOY magazine. They said, "Are they making you the centrefold?" [*Laughs*] Maybe we should send them the immigration commissioner's picture.

IMELDA: They can't use your picture. I don't want you to look too healthy now. You'll be forced to sit down in the Grand Jury in Washington [*about alleged financial holdings in the United States*]. [*Laughs*]

FERDINAND: I don't know, though — I guess God is ready for another miracle. I'm feeling stronger than ever. What do they take me for? An old man?

IMELDA: That's the spirit!

FERDINAND: I can't believe it. I feel much stronger than even a week ago —

IMELDA: Don't say that too loud. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Your lawyers have maintained you're too weak to travel to Washington. But we're curious — if you do eventually go, will you take the Fifth Amendment, which has become so popular lately? Like Oliver North and Admiral Poindexter?

IMELDA: [*Shouts*] It's the *in* thing to do now!

FERDINAND: They won't grant me complete immunity, they want to grant me *selective* immunity. I wonder what this means.

IMELDA: Me, I recycle everything — even being in jail would be very positive for me, if they called me to a grand jury.

FERDINAND: I do not want to go home that way. [*Laughs and slowly makes his way out of the room*]

IMELDA: Andy, wait! Tell them about your bitterest enemy.

FERDINAND: You're talking about the guy who tried to turn me into a *queer*, which I'm not and I don't intend to be!

PLAYBOY: A political enemy who was homosexual?

FERDINAND: We won't mention his name.

PLAYBOY: Yet enemies of Marcos had real reasons to fear you, didn't they?

IMELDA: Okay. What so terrorises a lot of people in the Philippines who would fight against Marcos is that, always, all of Marcos's enemies somehow go and get sick, or something terrible happens. [*Laughs*] From time immemorial.

FERDINAND: Unfortunately, my enemies are slowly dying away. And so the game is not as exciting as it used to be. I am surprised at the way they are disappearing from the scene.

PLAYBOY: Some people charge that, over the years, *you* have been responsible for some of their disappearances.

FERDINAND: Let them say what they want. It's not true.

PLAYBOY: What if something terrible were to befall Cory Aquino?

FERDINAND: The Communists will probably try to kill Madame Aquino and blame it on me. It's in their plan. It's in their blood.

PLAYBOY: It's in their blood to kill Cory?

FERDINAND: What do you mean, Cory! Everybody! All the leadership of every party, including ours. All *she* did was release from jail the 40 most prominent Communist leaders our government had spent years trying to track down! The way the Communists are conducting themselves, even if Madame Aquino survives the elections, she will not last the year.

[*The interview resumes in the Marcoses' living room. Mrs Marcos leaves for a while*]

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the hours before your downfall. You and your family were still in the palace as your enemies approached. Why didn't you try to mount a counter-attack with troops loyal to you?

FERDINAND: I could have had the Malacanang Palace bombed. I could have done a number of things to ward off the attackers. But I had another plan. I was going to cut off all the palace's utilities, and then infiltrate the Defence building — friends of Enrile are also friends of mine. So I called him and said, "Let's stop this foolishness." Enrile promised me he would try to work it out, but by that time I suspect Cory was already in touch with him — through the Americans.

PLAYBOY: Why do you suspect that?

FERDINAND: Because I received a threat that the marines would be used against me. The American marines! I got a formal note — unsigned — from I won't say whom, but it was a high-ranking American official.

PLAYBOY: How did you respond?

FERDINAND: I said, you show me this note, but signed by President Reagan, and I'll surrender to you. I mean, if President Reagan was declaring war on me, what the heck! I surrender! I face reality! I'll go immediately to the president and say, "I'm your prisoner, what's happening?" [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Yet it seems clear the order for you to step down came from the US president.

FERDINAND: I seriously doubt it. It was the diplomatic-level people at the US Embassy. The policy there was to get Marcos out. There was a US senator there, whose 24-year-old daughter felt insulted because there was a party she wasn't invited to attend. I talked to President Reagan later and he didn't give me the impression he wanted me out. I think he was unaware, he was misled.

PLAYBOY: And the assassination of Aquino, as we were discussing, was crucial.

FERDINAND: The Aquino assassination added to the resolve of the US Embassy to try and knock me off. But I'm not going to fault anyone. All I know is somebody from a senator's office [*presumably Senator Paul Laxalt, who served as go-between during that period*] called and said, "You'd better get out of there. Even gunboats will be used against you." So I immediately issued an order that if any American gunboat comes into Manila Bay, or if the marines land, no firing.

PLAYBOY: So in effect, Senator Laxalt told you that you had to cut and run.

FERDINAND: No, he never said those words to me. In fact, I do not know what Laxalt's memory is, but the truth is that I did *not* talk to him before the events which ended in my departure from the Philippines. I talked to him afterwards. If he had ever said those words to me, I would have said, "May I talk to President Reagan?"

PLAYBOY: And what would you have said to your old friend, President Reagan?

FERDINAND: I would have said, "You know you're ordering the use of American troops and violating the law. You are supposed to submit this to the Congress within 90 days."

But the president did not know what was happening to us. I know this because he stopped off in Honolulu last year, on his way to Bali, and he gave me the impression he did not know. It was all underlings. The same type of underlings that, in my case, I say stole so much money from the Philippines.

PLAYBOY: Since you bring it up, maybe we can clear this up. Do you know what your net worth is?

FERDINAND: Yes. But I'm not about to tell you. [*Laughs*] The true answer is yes and no. My net worth is covered by documents and I am ready to show these at the proper time. My enemies say I have deposits in the Bahamas, in Panama. Now, I'd like to see those because I don't have any paper on those.

They claim I'm worth - how much? — Thirty billion? I say, show me the paper, and we can split it. You take 29 billion, give me one billion, and let's say goodbye like friends. But they have to find it first! And not in pesos — in American dollars! [*Laughs*]

IMELDA: You remember the *Wall Street Journal* had stories that either the money didn't exist or Marcos was smart to have hidden it so well. Which was it, Andy?

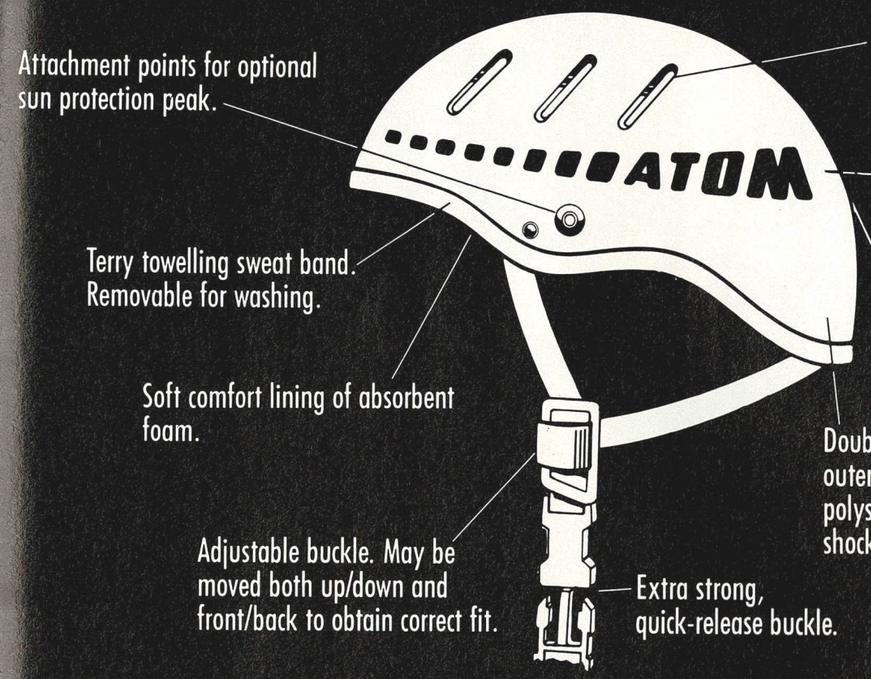
FERDINAND: Well —

IMELDA: You were smart! [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Earlier, when you talked about America, and when Mrs Marcos referred to "us Americans", it seemed as if your history

(continued on page 96)

It not only looks great...


Attachment points for optional sun protection peak.
Aerodynamic air vents designed to keep head cool and comfortable.
ATOM
Ultra-violet light resistant shell material to withstand many years under the sun.
Terry towelling sweat band. Removable for washing.
Reflective strip for night riding safety
Soft comfort lining of absorbent foam.
Double layer protection. Tough outer shell lined with expanded polystyrene foam to absorb shock.
Adjustable buckle. May be moved both up/down and front/back to obtain correct fit.
Extra strong, quick-release buckle.

...it is a great helmet!

MANUFACTURED TO AUSTRALIAN STANDARD 2063.2 SAA LG 791

COLOURS: WHITE, YELLOW, PINK, RED, BLUE, BLACK.

Sleek aerodynamic styling, plus a range of colours to choose from, means you can now buy a helmet that is not only a superior safety device but a fashionable sporting accessory, too. The ATOM helmet exceeds **every** rigorous test to pass the 2063.2 standard and yet has also managed to keep its stylish good looks.

Now there's no reason for risk: you **can** comfortably wear the ultimate in safety and still look great doing it! ATOM safety helmets come in your choice of six brilliant colours in the widest available range of sizes. You might only **need** your safety helmet once. . . but that could be the time it saves your life. Buy yours now.

ATOM

AUSTRALIAN MADE

Because it is important that a helmet be correctly fitted, ATOM is available only through bicycle shops and sports stores.

Enquiries to: ATOM, 75a Burrows Road, Alexandria NSW 2015. (02) 550 1655

GRAY MATTER A102

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN KNIGHT

THE ART OF URBAN CYCLING

Nelson Vails reveals his two-wheel survival tricks in the asphalt jungle to Kevin Cook.

ACCORDING TO FIGURES supplied by the NSW Bicycle Institute, there are now some 3.5 million push bikes in Australia. Think of it! In bald terms that means that at some time one person in five is going to hit the streets on one of ***(continued on page 114)***

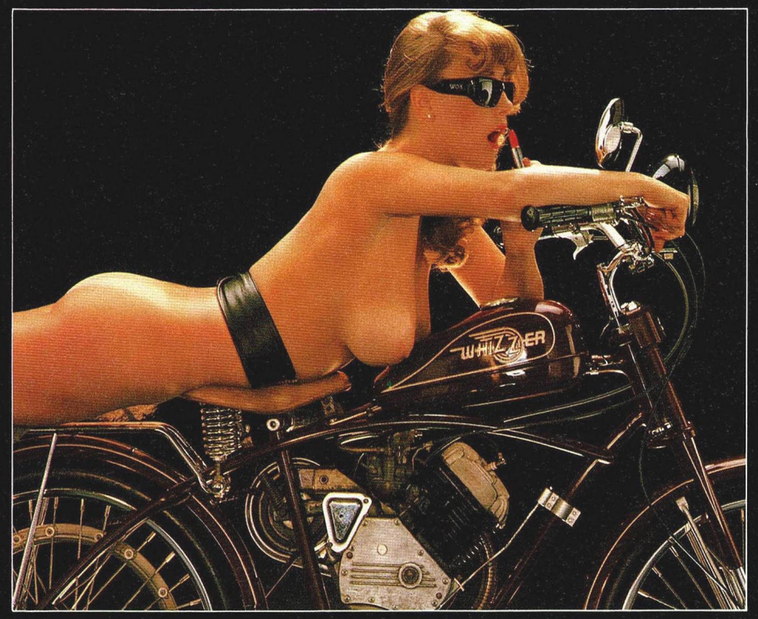
CYCLE
SWEETHEARTS

Our favorite girls show off an amazing collection of bicycle classics.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Stunning Shannon McClaren poses with a fibreglass bike by Bowden. These rare models were designed in the mid-1940s and built in 1960.

Left: Curvaceous Cherie Butler checks out a deluxe model Ranger, manufactured in the 1930s by the Mead Cycle Company. Above: Jaunty Julie McCullough gathers speed on a Schwinn Phantom bicycle built around 1951.



Racy Rebecca Culmer poses with a Whizzer, one of the first attempts at mopeds. Produced in the 1950s, these are known as balloon-tyred bikes and feature an engine. Restored Whizzers are quite rare and very valuable.

Saucy Susie Schott looks fast standing still! Above, she's pictured with a 1934 Schwinn aerocycle, one of the rarest of the early Schwinns; these bikes set new standards of streamlining for the cycle manufacturing industry. At right, Susie poses with a Bowden Spacelander; there are only 40 to 50 of these plastic bikes left in the world.

All bicycles kindly made available by Mr J.L. Hurd of The Antique And Classic Bicycle Museum.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

Article by
ANTHONY BRANDT

Here's to that gutsy gang who've been fired, jailed, knocked out, expelled or forgotten — and returned to triumph.

COMEBACKS

DENNIS CONNER DID it. After losing the America's Cup in 1983, the first time in 132 years an American skipper had suffered such humiliation, Conner came back three-and-a-half years later to compete again for sailing's Holy Grail. After dispatching 16 other 12 metre yachts in a series of 43 round-robin challenge races, he blew Ian Murray's *Kookaburra* away four-nil in the showdown finale. Dennis Conner, the carpet salesman from San Diego.

Golfer Rodger Davis did it. After a highly successful career as a young golfer in the late 1970s, he suddenly developed the dreaded "yips" and his game fell off so disastrously that in 1982 he gave it all away and invested his savings in a motel at Buderim on the Sunshine Coast. Two years later his investment was looking pretty sick and a couple of mates persuaded him that the only solution to his monetary problems was to go back to the one thing he was really good at — golf. He resumed his place on the circuit scene in 1985 and picked up a useful $200,000; then in 1986 it all came together: he won four tournaments, including the British PGA and the Australian Open, and helped himself to a cool $¾ million.

And Sugar Ray Leonard did it too. Leonard, an Olympic champion, then the world welterweight champion, the good guy of boxing, had been forced to quit the ring five years ago because of a dangerous injury to his eye that required surgery. In the face of much wise counsel, he emerged from retirement to fight an invincible boxer who hadn't lost in 10 years, who was a middleweight, not a welterweight, and whose motto was "No Mercy". Leonard beat Marvin Hagler and to his other three titles added Middleweight Champion of the World.

We associate comebacks with sports, and these were three of the most spectacular in recent memory. But businessmen make comebacks, too; Lee Iacocca took the moribund Chrysler Corporation and restored it and

himself to health, after having been fired by the second Henry Ford because Ford didn't like the cut of his jaw. Iacocca made $26 million last year in salary, bonuses, and stock options; Chrysler made close to $2 billion.

Movie stars make comebacks. Where was Cybill Shepherd a scant few years ago? Down and out in Beverly Hills. Tina Turner, abused and dismissed, turned up the volume on her ageless sexual energy and made entire busloads of younger rock stars look insipid. Normie Rowe comes back from decades in the wilderness to score the lead in *Les Miserables*, while John Farnham, after a disappointing few years with Little River Band, miraculously produces the top album of the year.

But it is sport that epitomises the back-from-the-dead saga, perhaps because the setback seems often so finally the end.

The human race loves comebacks. More than that, we seem to need them. We need to know that the tide turns, that after defeat can come victory, after failure success. The Americans even let Richard Nixon come back, the man in all the United States who may have least deserved it. A man is down, he's been hit hard, but he picks himself up off the floor, dusts himself off and is ready to try again. He does and he wins! Like little children with a favorite book, we never tire of hearing this tale. We'll forgive just about anybody if he makes a comeback.

We even forgave Bobby Ewing for dying.

Sort of. There are people who make comebacks, there are others who merely come back, and Patrick Duffy's return to *Dallas* required no triumph of will or wile; Duffy was just an actor coming in from the cold. Stacy Keach, on the other hand, shrugged off his drug conviction in England to star once again as Mike Hammer. Incidentally, this character was created by a writer everyone had dismissed as a has-been who has himself made a remarkable comeback.

We need this stuff; we need it because we've all been there, or somewhere like it. We've all passed through our own personal Slough of Despond and had to find the resolve, the means, the courage to face our mistakes, our bad luck, and come back strong. We need the Rodger Davises and the John Farnhams, the Dennis Conners and Sugar Ray Leonards, because of what they signify: don't forget me, mate.

An example. A friend of mine was doing well as an independent video producer; he had shot some TV documentaries, he'd worked on video productions with some big stars, he was slowly building a reputation and a career. Then a major long-term project he had been doing was given the elbow by a TV company. In other words, it was dead. About a month later he found out he had diabetes.

He and I went for long drives together in his little blue MG. He was a mess. He was

(continued on page 99)

RALLIES AND RESURRECTIONS

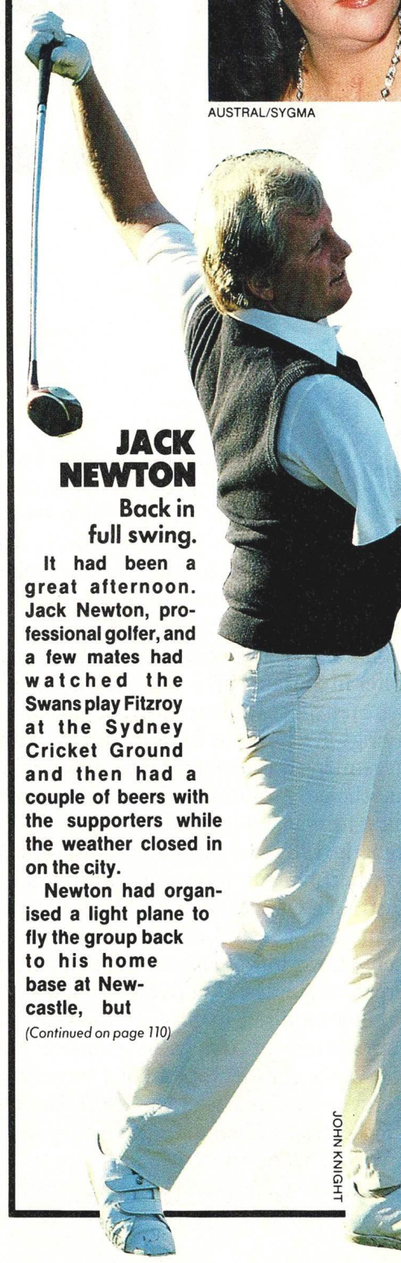
They were down but never out. Against all odds, they went from sneers to cheers.

FROM WHOOPER TO WOW!

We're still waiting for the diet book, Liz.

AUSTRAL/SYGMA

AUSTRAL/OUTLINE



JACK NEWTON

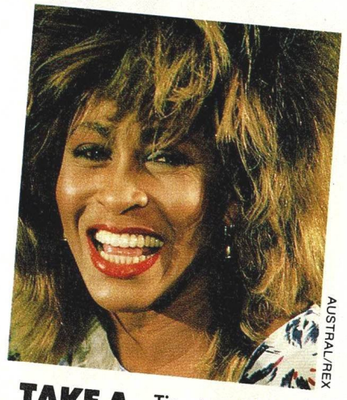
Back in full swing.

It had been a great afternoon. Jack Newton, professional golfer, and a few mates had watched the Swans play Fitzroy at the Sydney Cricket Ground and then had a couple of beers with the supporters while the weather closed in on the city.

Newton had organised a light plane to fly the group back to his home base at Newcastle, but

(Continued on page 110)

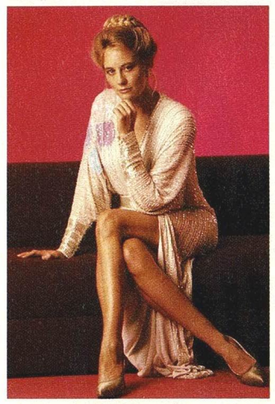
JOHN KNIGHT



AUSTRAL/REX

TAKE A HIKE, IKE!

Tina turned on after spiking hubby, Ike, and began private dancing.

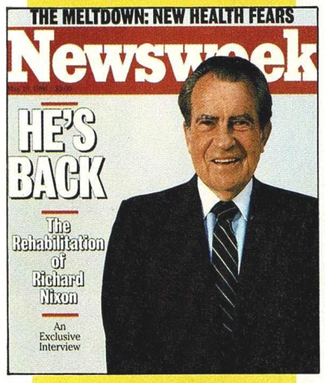


CHANNEL NINE

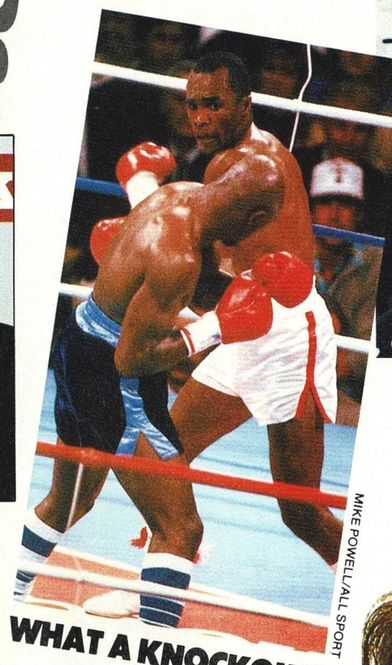
RECOVER GIRL

Moonlighting as Maddie, Cybill Shepherd, last seen in a prom plunge, has surfaced as the comeback queen.

WHO ASKED YOU BACK?



Richard Nixon
Ernie Sigley
Ugly Dave Grey
Mike Walsh
Freddie Krueger
The Monkees
The Village People



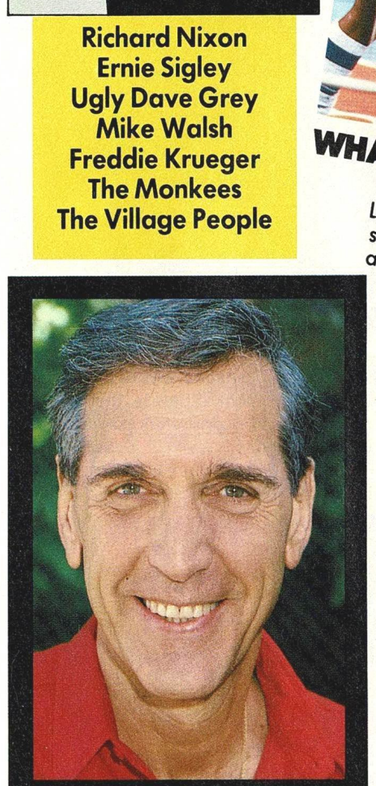
MIKE POWELL/ALL SPORT

WHAT A KNOCKOUT!

Sugar Ray Leonard enjoyed the sweetest revenge of all by beating world champ Marvin Hagler.

BY GEORGE!

The world's most colorful chameleon isn't about to let his career drag.



DON LANE

He wasn't joking.

When Morton Isaacson (aka Don Lane) arrived on these shores more than 20 years ago to compere a television tonight show, he was greeted with blessed relief. It wasn't so much that the personable New Yorker was a gifted performer. It was that, in

(Continued on page 110)

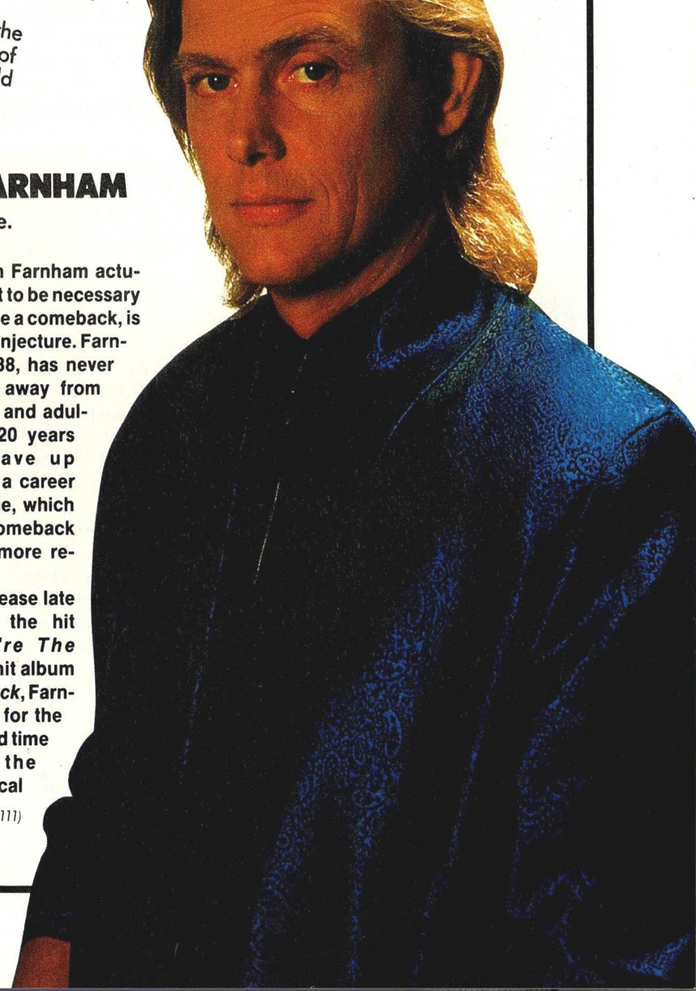
JOHN FARNHAM

He's the voice.

Where John Farnham actually went, for it to be necessary for him to make a comeback, is a matter for conjecture. Farnham, almost 38, has never been too far away from fame, fortune and adulation in the 20 years since he gave up plumbing for a career upon the stage, which makes his comeback story all the more remarkable.

With the release late last year of the hit single *You're The Voice* off the hit album *Whispering Jack*, Farnham became, for the second or third time in his life, the hottest musical

(Continued on page 111)



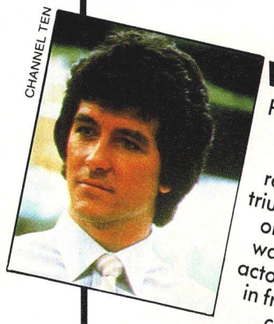
DUE BACK (ANY MINUTE NOW)

BO DEREK
BERT NEWTON
MALCOLM FRASER
JUNIE MOROSI
GARBO
LASSIE

JOHN KEESING & ASSOC.

BACK FROM THE CLINK

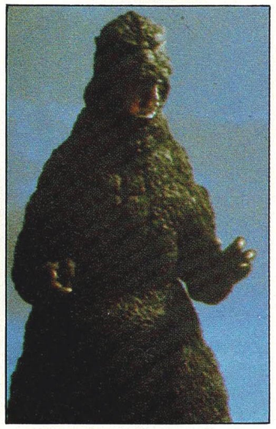
A spell inside hasn't quietened BLF talking head Norm Gallagher.



CHANNEL TEN

WETBACK

Patrick Duffy's return to *Dallas* required no triumph of will or wile: he was just an actor coming in from the cold.



OL' BUTANE BREATH IS FIRED ANEW

Hey, here comes Godzilla!

HARRY M. MILLER

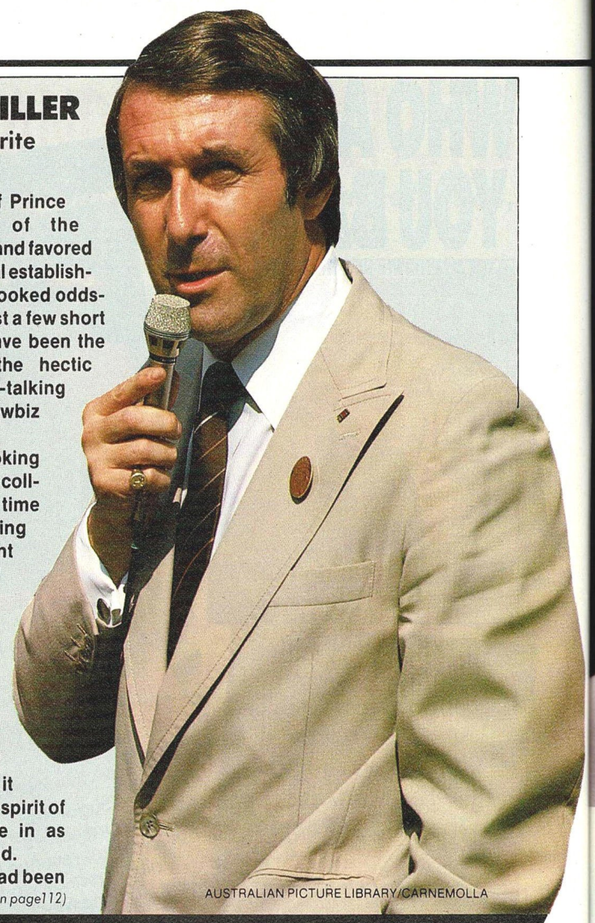
Society's favorite son.

Long-time buddy of Prince Charles, organiser of the Queen's Silver Jubilee and favored son of the Sydney social establishment, Harry M. Miller looked odds-on for a knighthood just a few short years ago. It would have been the crowning glory of the hectic career of this tough-talking businessman and showbiz entrepreneur.

But then his booking agency Computicket collapsed and Miller did time on five charges of aiding and abetting fraudulent misappropriation of $728,000. Instead of playing chukkas with Prince Charles, Miller was reduced to 10 months of dominoes with fellow inmates. It was a fall from grace of such magnitude that it would have broken the spirit of many men who move in as high circles as Miller did.

However, Harry M. had been

(Continued on page112)



AUSTRALIAN PICTURE LIBRARY/CARNEMOLLA

NOLAN BUSHNELL

Video game casualty.

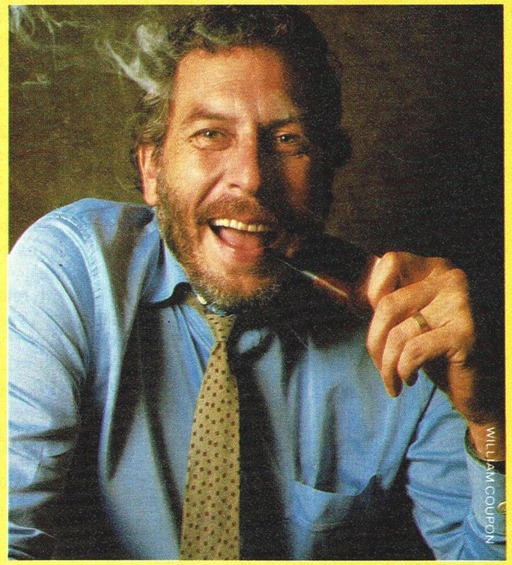
Bushnell's Atari Corporation, a bleeping success story in the 1970s, crashed hard when video gaming went bust. At the same time, he also lost all the dough he'd invested in a restaurant chain called Pizza Time Theatre. Now, Bushnell's back on a roll in the toy biz, but his memories of disaster are horrifically clear.

"Before Pizza Time Theatre, I was flying much too high to be brought down by a small arrow; it took a three-stage rocket, because I was in the stratosphere," he says.

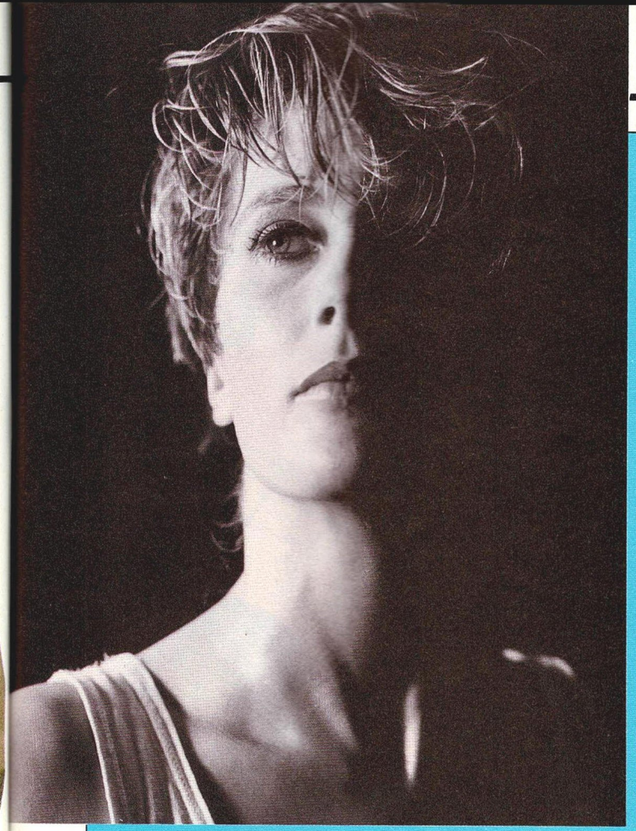
"With the tremendous success of Atari and Pizza Time, you start believing you can do no wrong. This is very dangerous. The minute you get that feeling, you become reckless, and recklessness has no place in business.

"I used to think I was very lucky. In the summer of 1983, my sailboat won the Transpac, one of the oldest yacht races in the world. We came into Hawaii first, past Waikiki Beach with spinnakers flying, out-

(Continued on page112)



WILLIAM COUPON



DEBBIE BYRNE

Purr-fect in *Cats*.

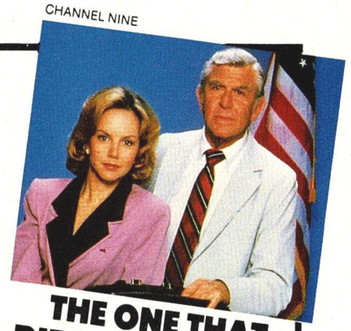
Debbie Byrne was a star before she even knew what it meant to be part of that elite. It just seemed like a natural progression for the tough little girl who, with her four brothers and sister, had been singing for Melbourne suburban pub crowds since the age of nine.

Selected as part of the precocious brigade for a television show called *Brian And The Juniors*, Byrne wore ringlets and sang cute songs while sitting on swings surrounded by plastic flowers. At school they hated her for being on TV and it got worse when *Brian And The Juniors* made way for the much more extravagant *Young Talent Time*. Hosted by former pop star Johnny Young, *YTT* was an instant hit across the country and Byrne was one of its first generation of stars.

After four years of near-terminal cuteness, Byrne broke free of the kids' stuff and recorded a cover version of *He's A Rebel* which went straight to the top of the charts and established her as a major adult talent. A few months later she was voted Queen of Pop and won a Logie award for best

(Continued on page113)

CHANNEL NINE



THE ONE THAT DIDN'T GET AWAY

Sleepy-town sheriff Andy Griffith swapped his fishing rod for some heavy courtroom action in TV drama *Matlock*.

CHANNEL TEN

FLOWN THE COOP

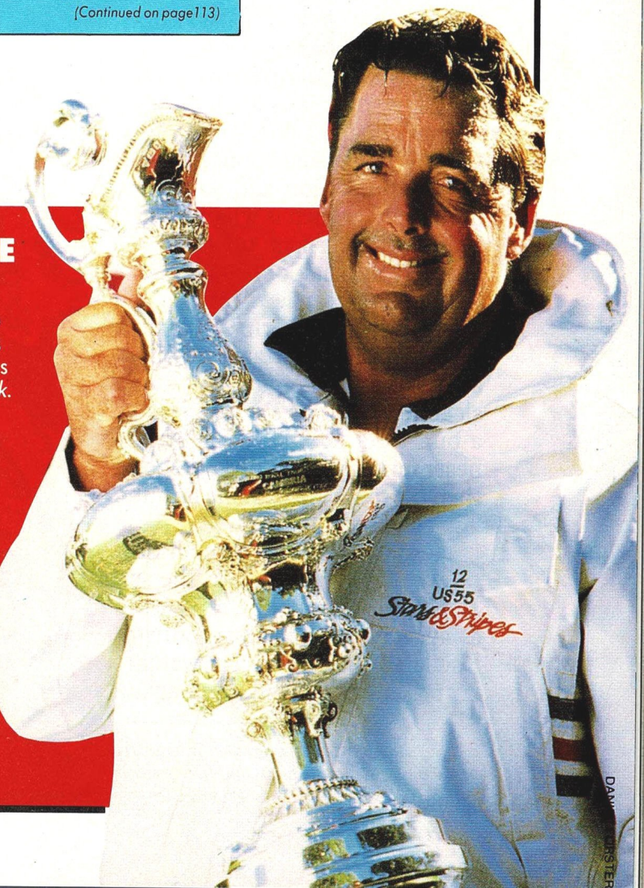
From teeny bopper on *The Partridge Family* to legal eagle on *LA Law*, Susan Dey is our kind of bird.

ROCKIN' REVIVALS

FLEETWOOD MAC.
PRINCE.
PAUL SIMON.
NORMIE ROWE.
IGGY POP.
STEVIE WINWOOD.
JOHN FOGERTY.
PETER FRAMPTON.
ERIC CLAPTON.

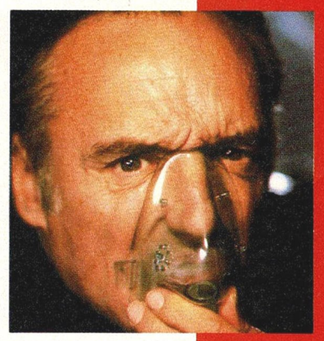
CATCH THE WAVE

America's Cup skipper Dennis Conner titled his book *Comeback*.



EASY RIDER GETS HIS SECOND WIND

Dennis Hopper, Hollywood's bad boy, shook off drug rampages and scandal to re-emerge as an Oscar contender.



Fiction by **BILLY CRYSTAL**

Prime time on Charley's new television set was simply beyond belief.

EARTH STATION CHARLEY

FOUR AM FRIDAY, and Charley is in his usual spot, sprawled on the couch, watching football on television. For a long time now, Charley has looked upon television as his companion and sometime night light, which is why his wife, Sheilah, has taken off with his partner, Sy, that loud and obnoxious man who needs to trim the hair in his ears. Charley has grown to feel more comfortable watching a midget rodeo on TV than sleeping with Sheilah. (Sex is like a bull ride, he'd say. Mount the beast until you're turned loose, then try to stay on for one minute. Time, 58 seconds.)

Now Charley sits here all day, rarely moving, staring at the set. Neighbors think he has passed away, which more or less confirms Sheilah's suspicions. He watches everything over and over again:

Billy Crystal is the American comic who starred in Running Scared. This is his first piece of fiction for Australian Playboy.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIPPE BEHA

Happy Days twice a day, *The Love Boat* from Atlanta, *The Big Valley* from Chicago, The Movie Channel.

Friday afternoon, and a favorite episode of *Bonanza* is on WGN, from Chicago. Charley heats a can of beef stew. He likes to eat the appropriate food for the show he is watching. For Westerns, it is beef stew or chili. *The Fugitive* is always "just coffee". Ball games are hot dogs.

Suddenly, the 1969 TV set dies; it sputters and coughs and goes black. Stew dribbles out of Charley's mouth as he runs to the aid of his fallen friend. He cradles it in his arms as though it were a wounded army buddy from *War Theatre.*

Charley panics. His fingers move unconsciously, changing channels. He belts the set, the age-old remedy, but it is too late. He needs a new set right away. Withdrawal pain sets in.

•

Tom's Video City is staggering: two square blocks of televisions, video recorders, wide screens, computers and all kinds of hard and software. Charley stands there, dumb founded, as 500 sets zoom in on Gary Collins making a salad on *Hour Magazine.*

"Can I help you?" Charley stares at a rather intense-looking young salesman, the kind of guy who wears a bathing suit with black socks and sandals to the beach. "We have more than 7000 models of electronic video and audio equipment here, 80 computer models, all the brands of wide screens and our special item, the earth station."

"What's the earth station?"

"A five metre satellite dish that receives signals from the communications satellites orbiting the earth. It's the most powerful home unit ever made. With this machine, you have the capability of watching television programs from all over the globe with perfect reception. And it has stereo sound."

"All I really need is a nice color television," Charley says.

"Why have just a television when you can have the globe? With the earth station, the world comes to you." The salesman is getting excited.

"It sounds very expensive."

"We can work out a deal to suit you. I installed my own. It's amazing. Last night, I was having dinner and watching Jerry Lewis in *The Nutty Professor,* all the way from Paris. Following that was *AM Peru* and a Swedish soap opera where they really do it. Truly amazing; the world comes to you."

Charley flips through the diagrams and pages of blueprints. It is complicated but a challenge. He wants — he *has* — to do it.

•

Three days later, his hands hurting from squeezing pliers, his jaws sore from clenching his teeth, Charley sits back on his heels and gazes at the finished product. He has screwed 527 screws, bolted 890 bolts, fastened miles and miles of cable and wire and inserted dozens of tubes, gadgets, springs and nuts into what looks like a radar station in his back yard. Somehow, it will work, it *must* work. Charley needs to see *The Donna Reed Show* from Rio; needs the world to come to him — he's too tired to go to it.

The TV dinner is heating, the champagne chilling as Charley makes the last adjustments. In a way, he wishes Sheilah were here to watch with him. She's lost faith in him. He hadn't accomplished anything. "Lazy," she'd say. "You're too lazy to be boring. Boring would mean you were doing something."

Charley sighs. All the good things in life are taken away too soon — youth, drive and the original *Steve Allen Show.* His eyes moisten as he pulls back the silver foil on the peas of his Hungry Guy dinner. He stares at the pathetic attempt at peach crumble. Sheilah hates the crumble too. "I'll mail her one." He giggles and starts to feel perky. The last time he felt optimistic was when Dick Cavett went network.

At 7.58, he puts the Hungry Guy dinner on the snack tray, which supports not only this gourmet delight but a single red rose cut from the neglected garden. He turns on the earth station. Waves of anxiety fill his lungs. His thighs pulsate as though he has just been in a near-miss car accident. The picture is slightly dim. A living room with a plastic-covered couch in the background is all he can make out. "Honey, where's my glasses?" He *knows* that voice. Then a naked man enters the picture. Holy Christ, it is Jerry Berger, his neighbor. "I think I left them on the bar." Berger's wife enters. There she is in stereo on the screen, naked.

Charley is in a panic. What has he done? Yes, he is awake; no, he isn't hallucinating. He is frozen stiff. Mrs Berger is now doing jumping jacks along with Richard Simmons. Her tits bouncing up and down sound like polite tennis applause.

He carefully adjusts the channel two notches to the left. What the hell is this? Is it the Gorman home? Mr and Mrs Gorman are in their 70s now, a sweet, God-fearing couple. She worked in the town pharmacy for years, and he owned a small hobby shop where he displayed his wonderful collection of miniature trains. Now, in retirement, they sit on the porch sipping lemonade and counting the Cadillacs. A Sunday doesn't seem right unless you see the Gormans walking home from church, holding hands.

"Tell me, Demetrius, do you want me?" Mrs Gorman lies sprawled on her round bed, wearing a chiffon nightie, with what appear to be two Danish pastries over her breasts. "Demetrius? Answer your queen."

Old man Gorman, in a G string, complete with sword in hand, his breasts sagging more than hers, enters. Charley feels faint. "Fair Cressida, I am but a slave. I cannot look on thee."

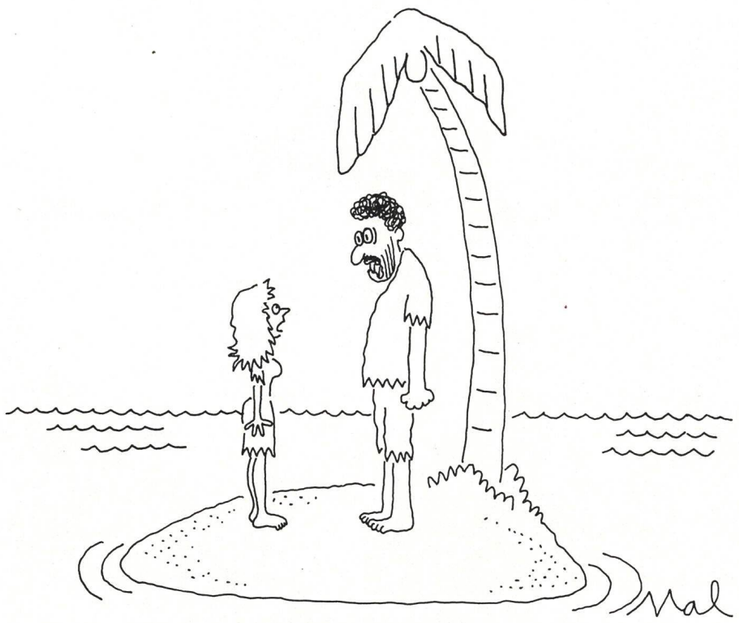
"You need no longer be a slave," she rasps.

"What do I have to do, my lady?"

"Make love to me like the monkeys do."

With that, old man G drops the G string. His impressive genitals swing dangerously close to the floor as he mounts his beloved, crying, "Freedom, freedom!" Charley looks like Buckwheat seeing a ghost. *American Gothic* meets *Screw* magazine.The Gormans are *maniacs.*

(continued on page 100)



"Sorry, Peter, I won't do it unless you use a condom!"

"Another super-beautiful night! A night for making love!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PATRICK MAGAUD

SLICE OF HEAVEN

Introducing Florence di Domenico, our hot-blooded dancer who loves an appreciative audience.

When heavenly Florence di Domenico told us she was mad about anything old, she laughingly added, "Hey, I don't mean I only like old men! But I do like men who are dark and mature. And I don't mind males who are fair and young. And if you're a middle-aged redhead, keep reading!" As you can see, Florence has a delicious sense of humor, not to mention other very tasty attributes. She collects antiques and spends her spare time haunting flea markets and jumble sales. "I grew up in a big house full of antiques and old things," she explains. "I began collecting bits and pieces when I was a young girl and I've had a passion for antiques ever since. I'd even like to open an old wares shop one day."

After doing a secretarial course and working in a bank, Florence took up modelling and in recent times she's been working as a professional dancer. "I love the stage," she says. "I'm probably a bit of an exhibitionist. When I was asked to pose for PLAYBOY I didn't give it a second thought. I agreed immediately. It was only later that I worried about what my father might say. He's Italian and rather old-fashioned." Well, papa? Florence claims she rarely falls in love. "But when I do," she smiles, "I really go for it. Once I've made up my mind there's no stopping me." Despite her earlier comments that she likes all kinds of men, we finally persuaded Florence to describe her ideal match. "Well," she deliberates, "he's got to be well built because I don't like scrawny types. To be absolutely truthful, I do like dark men. Lots of thick black hair! And if he's dynamic, mature and intelligent, he's definitely in with a chance!"

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Florence di Domenico

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Florence di Domenico

BUST: 87cm (35") WAIST: 61cm (24") HIPS: 90cm (36")

HEIGHT: 168cm WEIGHT: 52kg

BIRTH DATE: 10.8.58 SIGN: Leo

AMBITIONS: To work hard and make enough money to become financially independent and to start a family.

TURN-ONS: Eating, working, children, movies, music, laughing, being loved. The mountains, the bush, giving presents.

TURN-OFFS: Ego-maniacs, hypocrites, flat shoes, neon signs, the telephone, having nothing to do, winter.

FAVORITE BOOKS: thrillers like Midnight Express, and love stories set in the 18th.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Jack Nicholson, Omar Sharif, Al Pacino, Dustin Hoffman.

FAVORITE SPORTS: dancing, dancing and more dancing!

IDEAL MAN: dark, dynamic, intelligent, mature, and well-built.

SECRET FANTASY: an evening set in the year 2000 with robots and humans, with a sort of Fellini touch.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Fred had an awful stutter so he decided to see a doctor about his problem.

"Y-y-y-you've g-g-g-gotta h-h-h-help me," he stuttered. After a complete examination, the medico concluded Fred needed an operation to remove part of his lengthy penis which was putting strain on his spine which, in turn, was straining his voice box.

Fred wasn't too keen on the idea but he had the operation and then went back to see the doctor. "Look, I can speak really well now," explained Fred, "but having a short penis is ruining my marriage! You'll just have to put back what you took off."

"T-t-t-too late," frowned the doctor.

An elderly guest at a large Sydney hotel accidentally locked himself, stark-naked, out of his room. The poor fellow, in an effort to locate a staff member to readmit him, opened a door down the hall and found himself in the midst of a ladies' flower show.

Spotting an exit sign across the room, the horrified man sped for the door and escaped... but not before the three judges awarded him a blue ribbon for best dried arrangement.

The salesman travelling along a bush track passed by a chicken farm and accidentally ran over a rooster which had suddenly run in front of his car.

He was so upset by the incident he ran to the farmhouse door and was met by the lady of the house.

"Madam," he announced, "I'd like to replace your rooster."

"Go for it, love," came her laconic reply. "The hens aren't fussy."

What do you do with 365 used rubbers? You make a tyre and call it a good year.

Paul was about to mount his rather fat new girlfriend who was bouncing on the double bed.

"Have you taken any precautions, darling?" she asked.

"Sure have," he replied confidently. "I've tied my feet to the end of the bed."

A man in a small Victorian country town applied to become a police officer. Since his uncle was the police commissioner, the interviewer overlooked his lack of qualifications and posed only one examination question.

"Who was the Australian prime minister presumed drowned off the Victorian coast?" he asked.

"Hmmm," the man pondered. "May I think about that one?"

"Sure, come back tomorrow," he was told.

When the man returned home, his wife asked him if he got the job.

"Yes," he replied happily. "Matter of fact they already have me working on a case."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *impotent loser* as a guy who can't even get his hopes up.

George was referred to a psychiatrist because of his obsession with women's breasts. Sitting on the couch he told the shrink about his fixation with mammaries.

The psychiatrist decided to find out just how bad George's problem was by giving him a short word association test.

"Now, when I give you a word, I want you to tell me the first thing that comes into your head," the doctor explained.

"Okay," came the patient's reply.

"Oranges."

"Breasts."

"Coconuts."

"Breasts."

"Headlights."

"Breasts."

"Windscreen wipers."

"Breasts."

"Hold on," said the psychiatrist. "I can see why oranges and coconuts and headlights might remind you of breasts, but windscreen wipers? How you do explain that?"

The man began nodding his head from side to side. "First this one, then that one, then this one."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Having my own phone is no big deal, Daddy. All the other girls have their own beepers."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEIGH HEMMINGS

CAVING DOWN UNDER

Leigh Hemmings explores the subterranean world of the Nullarbor Plain.

ON THE EDGE of South Australia's vast Nullarbor Plain seven of us are standing around a blowhole: five first-time cavers and two experienced guides. Entering this cave is by a 20 metre wire and steel ladder attached to a Landcruiser. First on the ladder I check miner's light and helmet, then begin. Getting over the edge is difficult, but once in the clear I can slip my legs around the ladder and hook heels in from the other side. This keeps the centre of gravity closer to the ladder and lessens the chance of falling. I have no desire to test the stopping power of my safety rope.

Numerous bumps, scrapes and loose rock falls later, I near the end of the ladder. The strong miner's beam makes out a firm landing place on the floor of the cavern. "Down and safe," I yell back up the shaft before moving away from the zone of rocks falling from the next descent.

Time to examine the cavern. About 30 metres in diameter, it is a jumble of heaped flat boulders. Crowding for space on the floor are a bunch of stud stalagmites; from the cavern roof drop stalactites. Others cling at crazy angles to parent rock even after their giant slab has let hold of the roof. Not that I wish to know, but my beam of light reveals other heavy roof slabs just hanging on.

One step too far out of the torchlight and there's a curious booming sound underfoot. A quick flash of light shows the hideous mask of death: the skull of a kangaroo. Skin pulled back from the teeth leaves the image of a permanent last scream. The hollow sound emanates from dried skin, taut like a drum around the rib cage. There, only a metre away is a dingo's skull.

A slowly traversed torchlight picks out other victims. Skulls, teeth, jaw bones, ribs, bits of hair, fur and feathers, but nothing alive. A layer of fine dust encases them all. I extinguish the harsh, artificial glare for a moment and it is replaced by an oval of light coming down the blowhole. This softer illumination befits a silent place of entombment.

Grunts, curses and the noises of struggle come down the ladder with the second of our group. The closer you are to the bottom, the harder the strain

on legs and hands. But it's nice to have company in Eremophila Cave.

Two lights now break the sanctity of darkness and we both realise there's no air movement. Fact is stranger than fiction: at the top where the blowhole becomes part of the Nullarbor a veritable gale blows. No, not across the plain, up out of the blowhole!

Before the descent, I had seen this tiny blowhole have no trouble keeping aloft a shirt, then, as a test, a three-man tent. Being told some of the caves on the Nullarbor "breathe" you are apt to be incredulous. Actually seeing one do so is fascinating. Scientific explanations revolve around the stratified nature of the limestone which makes up the Nullarbor Plain. Blowholes occur in the upper layer and act as a break in the impervious surface crust through which the lower layer is able to breathe. The result is winds of up to 60km/h ripping out of the caves.

And howling in. At different times of the day, blowhole wind acts as a giant vacuum sucking in passing small birds and animals. In other types of cave, air motion is believed to have multiple causes: changes in atmospheric conditions, two entrances separated by large distances, resonance (much the same as the sound created by blowing over the mouth of a bottle), or breathing associated with thermal convection.

Cave breath is both a curse and a blessing. Squeezing into minuscule Nurina Cave is an exercise in contortion, but the struggle is rewarded by entry to a diamond-shaped chamber fringed with natural limestone sculptures above glistening pools surfaced with growing calcite. The curse is that on the exploratory trip our group gained the main chamber at a time of outgoing air. The vile stuff that was left for us to breathe was unpleasant in the extreme. We left it alone for an hour or two while we loaded camera gear and grabbed a bite to eat on the surface. In the interim, the air "tide" changed, making the chamber sweet and clean.

The Nullarbor Plain is an uncompromising place: freezing in winter, instant dehydration in summer. To the explorer Giles, it was "a region utterly unknown to man and as utterly forsaken by God". This largely treeless plain covers an area three times the size of Switzerland, but the Nullarbor's mountains and rivers are hidden in an incredible subterranean world.

The Nullarbor network of more than 200 caves is a world-wide magnet for cavers, but getting to this remote region of Australia is painful. Fifteen hundred kilometres from either Adelaide or Perth equals two long days' driving cooped up in a 4WD, which is enough to take 10 years off the flexibility of your knees. And when you finally make it to the Nullarbor, finding each cave is a nightmare — thanks to the combined efforts of road-making crews, dozer drivers and locals.

In 200,000 square kilometres of natural billiard table, there are enough blind tracks to bamboozle a thousand searchers. In amongst this maze the cave entrances are just sunken holes (called dolines), some only a few metres across. In his nine extensive explorations between the 1930s and the 1960s, Captain J. Maitland Thompson used marine navigation techniques with compass, distance log, chronometer and sextant. He navigated perched on the "bridge" of a charabanc; one thump of his hefty boot on the roof meant "steer to port", two thumps "starboard", and three thumps "steady as she goes".

Today's hardy bands of cavers have the back-up of Landsat photogaphs and aerial surveys, but even the experts must still rely on precise topographical map and compass work — and a smidgin of luck — especially just on dusk when the light is dropping as fast as the temperature and the right track is just a brief suggestion of wheel marks across a sandy verge. Guide Iain Greenwood didn't get us lost in 12 hectic days of exploration, but he seemed to breathe a sigh of relief a few times when the right cave entrance hove into view.

Nullarbor caves would be exciting in any setting. What makes them so memorable is their contrast to an unyielding landscape devoid of surface streams. At a campsite on the Nullarbor, when a smudge of dawn color wipes itself across the blackness, the idea of a flat horizon takes on a whole new meaning. Carrying that image with us it seemed weird to leave the unending surface, go down a cave, spend many hours following an ancient stream bed, scramble over huge boulders, climb 50 metre hills, skirt around a huge sand dune, and finally arrive at an emerald-green lake.

The chance to swim in subterranean lakes hundreds of metres under the plain is a magic part of a Nullarbor expedition, and of those caves with lakes, Cocklebiddy is probably the best known. This incredible body of water has drawn cave scuba diving expeditions from all over the world.

Even with just snorkelling gear and inflatable boats, an experience of cave lakes is memorable, but my favorite was Weebubbie. At one time the local Aborigines feared and hated this cave, calling it "the place of hidden feet". They later used it as a storehouse for sacred artifacts to keep them from the eyes of women.

I loved Weebubbie for its unbelievable water clarity. So clear is this magic liquid that at a depth of 40 metres the water seems to disappear. Snorkelling by the beam of a waterproof torch evolved into "space-walking", and it seemed as if I was gliding weightless above a grey bouldered moonscape. At the far end of the main chamber a call could magnify out of all proportion, and someone jumping into the lake could sound like half the ceiling letting go. The eerie nature of the swim became mind blowing with extinguished torches; weightless, I became disorientated in the blackness.

No one wants to be a kilometre underground with a dead light and no way out. Escape would be well nigh impossible. Aside from those caves where there is a wind blowing, there's no way of finding which way is out. So standard caving safety routine dictates three independent light sources. As protection against a harsh environment, each caver dresses in true troglodyte fashion — tough overalls and heavy boots plus miner's light mounted on a bash hat with a wet cell battery waist pack, and a Dolphin torch. Candles provide for emergencies.

Even carting camera equipment, two inflatable boats, wetsuits and snorkelling gear, our loads were bearable, and thanks to a Landcruiser and trailer, frequent fuel stations and modern camping gear, the seven of us could just fit in one vehicle. But back in 1915, to cross the Nullarbor meant setting up a petrol dump at the Eucla wharf. On one of his early trips, Captain Thompson needed two cars and a truck with 600 litres of water, an extra seven drums of petrol, surveying instruments, camping equipment, a 25 metre Jacob's ladder, a winch and a derrick, photo equipment, powerful petrol lamps and a three metre metal canoe — total load about four tonnes.

While it has become easier to go caving, however, the quality of the experience remains the same. No guide rails, concrete paths or lights destroy the wildness. Aside from litter and minimal mindless vandalism, the Nullarbor caves have remained pretty much unchanged. Trip notes from the turn of the century talk about having to turn petrol lamps on their side to get through squeezes (tight sections). Sure enough, each of us still had to strip off miner's light, battery and helmet to slither through.

Along with the squeezes, monster boulders, steep drops, bad air and all-pervading dirt, many caves have a maze-like quality of multi-level intersecting passages. In one cave a moment's inattention had three of us hard up against a dead end. Dead ends are really bad on the nerves. Obviously there'd been a wrong turn somewhere, but where? In this tunnel maze we were only a few metres from our companions and yet unable to even see their torches. Adding to the confusion, anxious shouts deflected and appeared to be coming from a completely different direction. We managed to backtrack to our mistake and were soon on the surface thankfully gulping in sunshine.

Constant temperature and a frozen-time character enable the preservation of remnants of the Nullarbor caves from ages long past. The fossil cave is a good example. It's shallow, with collapsed "windows" to the sky, entered by climbing down the grooved remains of a very old, very dead quandong.

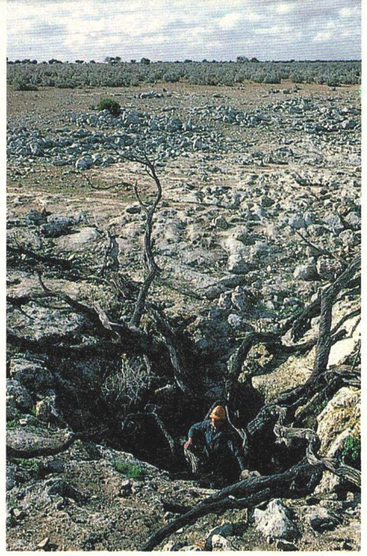
Beneath the surface, touches of greenery bathed in natural sunlight give the fossil cave a friendly appearance, but in reality it is one perfect death trap for passing animals. During a dig for Flinders University in Adelaide, our gentle probing with spatula and paintbrush unearthed the ash from an ancient campfire, part of human bones between one and six thousand years old and the skull of a slightly strange-looking carnivore. This was later identified by Dr Rod Wells of Adelaide as a *Sarcophilus harrisii* (Tasmanian Devil). These animals have been extinct on the mainland for thousands of years.

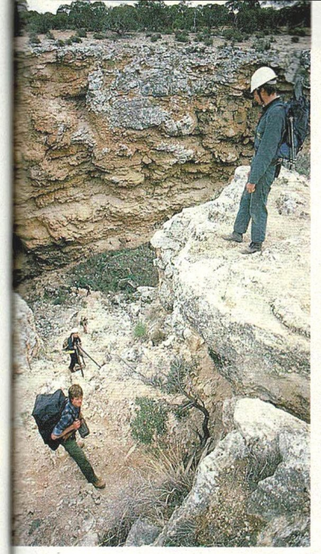
Other Nullarbor caves have revealed the almost perfectly preserved carcass of a 4600-year-old thylacine (Tasmanian Tiger), the skeleton of an extinct huge wombat, koala teeth, and the remains of a marsupial leopard and giant wallaby.

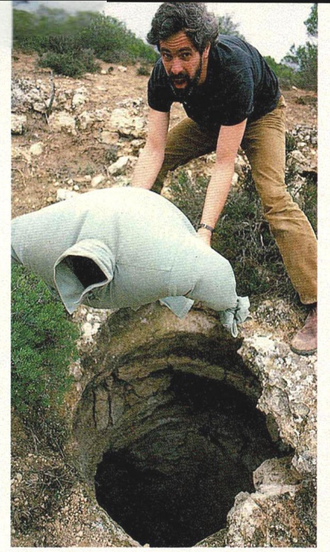
Of course even today there may be more strange creatures lurking in the subterranean depths. According to the Mirning, an Aboriginal tribe who lived on the fringes of the Nullarbor, there was a giant devil serpent of the plain called Jeedarra. As the story goes, Jeedarra was being chased by Yugurilya with digging sticks. In his flight, Jeedarra pushed up the high limestone cliffs of the Great Australian Bight and escaped to dwell in the caves under the plain. Who knows, future expeditions may come across Jeedarra. It could be an interesting meeting.

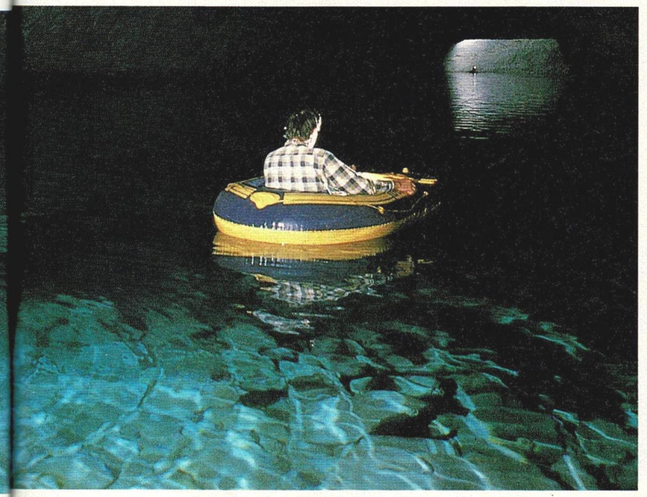
•

Osprey Wildlife Expeditions Nullarbor Down Under: 12-day trip, $825 inclusive ex-Adelaide. Tent accommodation; one or two saline showers for whole trip; previous caving experience is not necessary.









Far right: Caves can be death traps. Centre right: The breathing blowhole. Centre left: Climbing into the Weebubbie doline. Right: Entrance dolines can be hard to locate. Below: Exploring a subterranean lake.

MIAMI SPICE

Add a little pepper to your life with the cool, smart and irretrievably hip style of Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas, the daring duo of TV's *Miami Vice*.

Fashion by Vitek.

Something's up on the waterfront. The girl with the attache case (Samsonite from Kitchings) walks by trying to look inconspicuous. Our Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas look - alikes lean nonchalantly against their high-powered Ferrari Mondiale. Don looks cool in his white summer-weight suit ($400) from Tres Bon offset by a cotton shirt ($66) from Seed. His sidekick plays it casual in blue-patterned cotton suit ($498), cotton shirt ($189) and tie ($25) from Cavalli.

FISHING FROM THESE MARINAS IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES WIDDOWSON

There's something suspicious going on aboard a yacht fresh from the islands. The guys check for details on their mobile radio phone (Mobiletronics from Piranha Communications). Despite their low-profile surveillance, Don and Philip Michael stand out in their well-cut, crisply co-ordinated gear. Don's looking good in cotton slacks ($110) and fine-striped, cotton crew-neck T-shirt ($46) from Seed. Philip Michael wears a crinkle cotton, blue and white striped suit ($390) and an easy-to-wear silk shirt with knitted collar ($110), both by Jag.

The game's up! Our heroes make their entrance in stunning style. Don's set to blow away anyone who makes the wrong move. Meanwhile, he's making all the right moves in cotton and linen tailored slacks ($120) from Seed, and an open-weave T-shirt ($16) from Cavalli. His partner holds a big gun and keeps a high profile in a double-breasted Prince Of Wales checked poly-linen suit ($400) and a poly-cotton shirt ($90) from Dom Bagnato.

The proof's on the table! The Miami Vice team show they mean business. Don commands respect in a blouson-style, heavy cotton jacket with front zip and deep pockets ($128) and yellow washed-cotton T-shirt ($50), both by Plot. His outfit is completed by white cotton drawstring trousers ($80) by Seed. His partner makes a point in a seersucker double-breasted suit with long-line jacket ($365) by Tres Bon, and a short-sleeved, striped cotton shirt ($90) by Jag. Even her cool Wendy Heather dress can't keep the heat off our hapless drug-dealing dame.

A job well done! Time out to relax. Don's dressed to thrill in a linen and cotton jacket ($200) and trousers ($150) by Seed. The jacket features a front vent and unusual metal buttons. His white long-sleeved cotton T-shirt ($46) is also by Seed. Looking really pleased with himself, Don's partner wears a sharp sports coat ($250) and trousers ($90) by Plot. His white cotton self-flecked shirt ($100) is by Jag. All shoes by Aquila, sunglasses from Ray Ban, and firearms from Mick Smith Guns. Interiors shot at The Rushcutters Suite, Hyatt Kingsgate Hotel, Sydney. Ferrari Mondiale from Scuderia Veloce Motors.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KE[illegible]ORRIS

20 QUESTIONS: WHOOPI GOLDBERG

The whacky star of The Color Purple and Jumpin' Jack Flash speaks out on Steven Spielberg, racism, drugs, and how she got that madcap name.

Although her experimental theatre credentials were first rate, Whoopi Goldberg was virtually unknown until Steven Spielberg chose her to play Celie, the central character of The Color Purple. That bit of inspired casting earned Goldberg an Academy Award nomination for best actress.

Today, Whoopi is having a love affair with the public. Her second and third films have been released (Jumpin' Jack Flash and Burglar); she presented the top award at this year's Grammys; she's done a TV special with Carol Burnett, another with the Pointer Sisters and narrated the Captain Eo film for Disney. Currently, she's filming Fatal Beauty, co-starring Sam Elliott, in Los Angeles.

Whoopi's parents split up soon after she was born, leaving her mother, a practical nurse and later a teacher, to care for Whoopi and her older brother. She spent a lot of time on the street, suffering the insecurities of the less-than-popular teen — in part because of the occasional white boyfriends. Eventually, she got into drugs, dropped out of school but developed an interest in acting.

At 18, she got married to her drug counsellor, and got pregnant — in that order. A few months later the marriage was over and in 1974, with baby in tow, Whoopi moved to San Diego. There, a series of odd jobs and welfare kept her plugging away at acting.

When an acting partner cancelled on a Berkeley gig, Whoopi debuted as a solo artist and began developing her one-woman outing, The Spook Show. The show travelled to Europe, then settled in for a run at New York's Manhattan Dance Theatre Workshop where producer/director Mike Nichols caught Whoopi's act and, after reportedly crying, offered to put the show on Broadway. The rest is more or less history.

We asked ***David Rensin*** *to meet with Whoopi as she finished up Burglar and, at this crucial career juncture, put her life into perspective.*

Says Rensin: "Though Whoopi was wrapping her third film in two years, packing for a six-week honeymoon and fighting the flu that wouldn't go away, she agreed to squeeze in as much time with me as possible before she left for Europe.

"Whoopi describes her face as Silly Putty. Round, with lots of cheeks, huge teeth and big black eyes. Add a wide mouth framed by generously sensuous lips and a broad nose, and it sounds like something only a mother could love. Yet it is a crucial part of the total package that makes her fans numerous and fervently loyal. The face is the key, revealing basic emotional truths in a larger-than-life manner. It's impossible to ignore, and the connection is immediate. She slips under your guard with that goofy, sincere grin, and seduces you while you still think you're making up your mind."

1.

PLAYBOY: Your real name was finally reported as Caryn Johnson, but why the big mystery? Why did you choose Whoopi Goldberg in the first place?

GOLDBERG: The name was a fluke. A joke. It started when I was doing *A Christmas Carol* in San Diego. We'd sit backstage and talk about names we'd never give our children, like Pork Pie or Independence. Of course, now people are walking around with these names. A woman said to me, "If I was your mother, I would have called you Whoopi because when you're unhappy you make a sound like a whoopee cushion. It sounds like a fart." It was like ha-ha-ha-ha — Whoopi! So people actually started calling me Whoopi Cushion. After about a year, my mother said "You won't be taken seriously if you call yourself Whoopi Cushion. So, try *this* combination: Whoopi *Goldberg*." She thought it flowed better.

2.

PLAYBOY: How did your real name slip out?

GOLDBERG: I did an interview with *People* magazine at my house, because I don't like to travel. The reporter figured it out at my home. I asked the magazine not to write where I lived and to leave my name out. They said, okay. They *said* okay, but didn't put it in writing. Next thing I knew, there it was, and that fucked me for a good long time. Now, every time that I'm in *People* magazine, they make it a point to write my real name. Now, all the magazines do. Every fucking magazine. *[sighs]* It's funny, because I want to tell people stuff. I want to be able to explain myself a little bit but not if people are going to turn around and fuck me up.

3.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think that after all the build-up in the press, a certain amount of tearing down is inevitable?

GOLDBERG: It pisses me off that people wait for you to fuck up, for something to happen to you. I like having different color eyes, so I sometimes wear blue contact lenses. But then I get criticised for wanting to be white. It's play stuff. But it's suddenly turned into, "Oh, you don't want to be black." I don't want to deal with this crap.

4.

PLAYBOY: The press helped make you a star, though.

GOLDBERG: No, they didn't. I was doing my stage show *before* any press came out. Home Box Office helped make me a star. Television. *The Color Purple*. People came to see me on Broadway because Mike Nichols was involved. They came to see if *he* had fucked up.

5.

PLAYBOY: In three years you've gone from near anonymity to a household word. When did you get the first clue that you'd arrived?

GOLDBERG: I'm not sure that I have because "arriving" to me means longevity. But it's funny. The first inkling that something was happening came from *Mad* magazine. My kid gave it to me. She said, "Oh, look, Ma! You!" It was like "HEEEEEYYYYY!" They did a parody of *Beverly Hills Cop*, and in one of the panels you see a hotel lobby. Eddie Murphy is in the background and in the foreground is a picture of me labelled "Valley Girl", which is based on one of my characters. It was a *big* deal to me.

6.

PLAYBOY: Even Eddie Murphy, who was famous for keeping his poise when he became famous, supposedly has had difficulties handling the rush of success. How do you think you're going to manage?

GOLDBERG: Sometimes it's tough to keep my ego in check, but I blame it on the people around me because suddenly I can't do any wrong. They tell me shit that's not true. And if enough people tell you that *your* shit doesn't stink, you start thinking that maybe it doesn't. Sometimes it's hard for me to get my head through the fucking door. Meanwhile, I'm actually thinking that all this star stuff is a goof because I'm really just a kid from Manhattan's housing projects. But no one wants to hear it. They think I'm bragging. But shit, I see Jack Nicholson and *I'm* a puddle on the ground. It's hard to think of myself in those terms. This is all new for me.

But I know this ego stuff will kill you. It's

very isolating. Suddenly the way you wipe your ass is news, big fucking news! People try to take your picture in the bathroom. No kidding. Once, I'd posed for some photographers, and then went to the toilet. I heard someone come in while I was in the stall. Now, I have this thing because I saw a movie once where there was a killer in the bathroom and a guy went into the stall and the killer dropped down and strangled him. So whenever I go in I look through the little slit to see who's there. It was this woman with a camera, waiting just outside the stall for me to come out. I said to her, "Don't *do* this. It's not good and it will really fuck you up. *Really* fuck you up!" She left.

7.

PLAYBOY: You first gained public attention as Celie in *The Color Purple*. You also received an Oscar nomination for best actress in 1986, but didn't win. Should you have?

GOLDBERG: No, I knew immediately it wasn't mine. In fact, I was probably lucky not to win. If I had there'd be nowhere for me to go. People would have wondered if I was just a flash in the pan. Now they'll wait for me to get better.

8.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you go to the Oscar party?

GOLDBERG: People assumed that I didn't go to the Oscar party because I was pissed off. I was ready to go party. Are you crazy? I had Michael J. Fox with me and we were going to boogie all night. Instead, while I was presenting the editing award I got very sick. I have ovarian cysts and one burst while I was standing there. On tape, you can see me *lean* on the podium. I was in pain! Poor Michael ended up taking me to the hospital.

9.

PLAYBOY: *The Color Purple* created a lot of controversy. There were complaints by the National Association For The Advancement Of Colored People (NAACP) about the depiction of black men, criticism that the film skirted the lesbianism between Celie and Shug Avery, the fuss over Spielberg's failure to get an Oscar nomination, the film getting stiffed at the awards. . . In retrospect, was Spielberg the right director for the job?

GOLDBERG: Fuck, yes. Nobody else — black, white, male, female — could have done it the way it was made. His name attached to the film got people to see it. Who better? Because of him it got out to Butt-Tussle, Idaho; to Supreme, Georgia, a town of 28 people with one movie house where it played for months.

10.

PLAYBOY: What about the charges that black men were portrayed one-sidedly in the film?

GOLDBERG: No one said anything about how black men were portrayed when the book was published. Again, the key word here is Spielberg. If a black director had made the film the NAACP wouldn't have said shit. The branch here complains there's no work for black actors. So Spielberg goes mostly with *unknown* black actors and the NAACP says black men are depicted in a bad light, the movie's fucked up and you shouldn't go see it.

But before that, the movie *Purple Rain* comes out with a lot of black men in it. They throw women in trash cans and scheme and lie and nigger around, as it were. Great concert footage. I'm a big fan of Prince's music. But that movie was the most disgusting throwback I've ever seen. These guys are abusing women. Is that image different from what they think Mister was doing?

Is Morris Day any different than Harpo? Nobody said a word.

By the way, after the Oscars, the same branch of the NAACP bitched because *The Color Purple* didn't win anything. That says there's some bullshit floating around here.

11.

PLAYBOY: Isn't a strong identification with one's roots, in this case, black, a way to circumvent ever being criticised for trying to act white?

GOLDBERG: Well, how do white people act? How do black people act? How do you know on the phone who's what? When you listen to my Surfer Chick, you can't tell that I'm a black woman doing a white woman. You can't, you know. I don't deal with people and their color because it means I can't work. As soon as I put a limit of being a black and a woman on myself, that narrows down the field of work to nothing. To nothing. Actors have no color. That is the art form. Actors are supposed to be able to do anything. Be anyone. I'm not colorless. You can see that I'm black. It's not something I consciously think about. It just is. It's like having a dick. You don't think about having a dick. You just have one. I don't think of life in terms of being a woman, either.

12.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn it around. Has being a woman made it *easier* for you?

GOLDBERG: I never fucked my way anywhere, if that's what you mean. Could never do that. *[pauses]* I don't think so. The only time I think about being a woman here is when I see how women treat each other. Basically people don't fuck with me because I don't intimidate anyone overtly, like by being glamorous. I'm sure that if someone has to spend two hours on her makeup and then they look at me and know I spend five seconds just wiping myself off, it may be a bit intimidating. *[laughs]* In the same way, I look at some women and think, goddamn, if I could just look like that for *five minutes* I would be happy. I'd love to look like Shari Belafonte Harper. Gorgeous and a nice person. If you're lucky you get both. I have days like that.

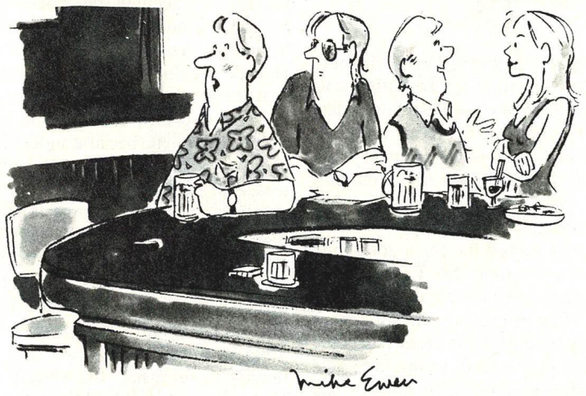
13.

PLAYBOY: Is it tough to relate to these pretty fashion plates?

GOLDBERG: We don't have much in common. I can't talk about nail color because I bite mine. I can't talk about the best hairdos, facials or shopping. I *have* watched a lot of women play woman games, especially if I'm at a function with my husband, since I don't look *[makes glamorous noise]*. They say, "Hello," to me and "Hiiiiii," to my husband. The first one is a kind of a "Watch this," to me; the second is an "I can make your dick hard," to him. I could whisper in her ear, "Bitch, if you come near him I'll chop your fingers off," but I don't need to. I'm too secure to think he's going to go out on to the veranda and fuck some stunningly gorgeous woman. In fact, I'm rather pleased that women notice him.

14.

PLAYBOY: On your next picture, *Jumpin' Jack Flash*, the problems apparently happened *during* filming, not afterwards. What stands out about that experience?



"She's out there somewhere, Charlie. A girl with a sense of humor, a kind heart and a love for life. A smart, funny, tolerant, courageous girl with big tits."

"I won't bring any more friends home unless you let me play with them first!"

GOLDBERG: Making that movie was awful. It was a fucking terrible experience that made me an ugly person — and I didn't like that. That the film has done well is no consolation. None. The producers wanted me to be the female answer to Eddie Murphy. But I'm not the black female answer to anybody. At the outset they said, "We want something original. You put it together with the writers." They went through 16 fucking writers. But very little of what you see on the screen was on paper. It's me.

15.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't the script originally done for —

GOLDBERG: For Shelley Long. It's a mistake to try and rewrite things for me. Only *I* can take the material that's already there and have some fun with it. They'd said I could — which is why I said yes to the script. Eventually, I sat in a room with an executive who said, "Well, I know we promised you all this, but frankly, we've got you. You have signed on the dotted line. You have to make this movie and you're going to do it this way." I got the "artistic control" handshake in the beginning, but I've learned never to assume anything again. From now on every minute, anal detail will be spelled out in my contract so that I know where I stand at all times. It was quite an education. Like graduate school. This film deva-fucking-stated me! I'm not even positive that they wanted to make this movie work. *[pauses]* It's a piece of shit that flew for some reason. It flies because I'm cute in it. It doesn't have any redeeming quality, and it's not a great performance.

16.

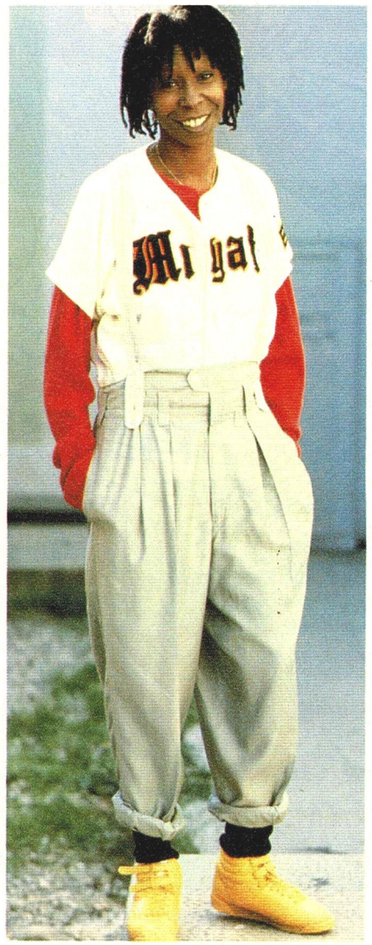
PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, it was a box office success. Does Penny Marshall deserve the credit?

GOLDBERG: No. Donald Duck could have directed that film and the producers could have gotten what they got. Penny Marshall should have been the actress in the movie. We clashed because I had been on the movie for a while before they brought her in and had been going in a specific direction. They gave me some leeway to play with things and she had her own very definite idea of how it was going to go. There were times when she'd be standing behind the camera giving me nuances, as I'm working, as the camera is rolling, showing me what she wanted to see. *[sighs]* But the further I get away from it, the easier it is for me to calm down and see that it wasn't meant as an insult. A month ago, I would have said it was because Penny was a rotten, terrible, horrible person. And she's not. She would never have been my choice for a director. But this was her first time out and there's a lot of stuff she didn't know. And a lot of faith she didn't have in me, okay?

17.

PLAYBOY: Has having a child affected your perspective?

GOLDBERG: Yeah. I couldn't know how tough it was raising kids until I had mine. One day I called my mom up and said, "Shit. I'm sorry for being such an asshole." For my mother to have done what she did —she was a nurse and then a teacher — is phenomenal. We never wanted for anything. We were always clean and Christmas was always fun. *[pauses]* I'm realising now as we're talking that maybe what I thought was her distance was simply her taking needed space for her time and private thoughts.



18.

PLAYBOY: Who did you go out with as a teenager?

GOLDBERG: I went out with anybody who wanted to go out with me. Guys were so hard to find. I was just not a popular girl. I couldn't get a boyfriend. I couldn't get in a clique. I felt I wasn't hip enough or smart enough or fast enough or funny enough or cute enough. I couldn't even dance well. The people who *were* those things were the people who were going places. I am an overly sensitive person. It's very easy to hurt me. Only I know that, though. People can say things to me and I'll just respond, "Hey, fuck you!" But inside, it hurts because I'm still this kid. The best way to explain it is I wanted so much to be accepted that I'd hang out in the park with some of the girls and guys, and when they'd say, "Well, we want to get some candy," I'd run and I'd get some candy. But I'd come back and they'd have gone. And I'd sit and I'd wait. What hurts so much about things like that is that I didn't learn. I'd want the candy again. But it contributed something to me, because I don't let myself do that to people. *[pauses]* Sometimes, I get so busy, I get callous. I forget stuff. But that memory has made me very concerned about how I treat other people, because it's painful, still.

19.

PLAYBOY: Did these experiences push you into your drug-taking phase?

GOLDBERG: It's hard to tell. *[flatly]* I just did drugs. I was young. Young. Acid, pills and heroin were in vogue. I did everything. And large quantities of everything. I don't like to talk about it because it involves my family and mom. If I start talking about how young I was it doesn't look good for her. If I related my full drug experience to you before relating it to her. . . it would not be the way I'd want her to find out about it. I don't want a million people reading about it before I make my peace with her. I'll talk about it all some other time. It happened, I did it, it's done. I'm not ashamed. So suffice to say I was young when I started and I don't do them now. And I don't encourage their use because they're too fucking dangerous. It's the greatest thing in the world, to me, to have done drugs and survived them. Besides, they changed me forever. The drugs of the '60s were social drugs. Everybody got high. Everyone smoked pot, did ups, downs, opium, acid. Everyone was in the same condition. It was almost normal. You could be real open and do good stuff when you were loaded. Nowadays, drugs are cut with rat poison and shit. I could never do now what I did then. Today's drugs are too powerful. *[annoyed, tired]* For me heroin was just another drug. I did lots of drugs. I was a junkie. I was chemically dependent on many things for many years.

20.

PLAYBOY: Well, we're still curious about your mystery years.

GOLDBERG: They're not a mystery. It's just something I don't want to talk about for public consumption, you know? I am a little gun-shy these days for reasons I explained at the beginning. And so, I just keep this stuff to myself. I lived, I survived, I grew up, I got married, I had a kid, I got a divorce, I moved to California, I lived, I got lucky in New York, got lucky in California, I'm making movies, I'm doing okay. I'm doing okay. People don't have to know *everything* about me.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

ROLLIN' ALONG

Marcy Hanson's life is moving fast. And that's the speed she likes best.

Lovely Marcy Hanson is nothing if not outspoken. "Sometimes I think sex is my favorite form of sport," says this very active young lady. "To quote a friend, it's the great indoors! I love it. A man would be a fool to put me in the kitchen. I'm at my best playing, sharing, being a companion."

Marcy keeps fit by working out at the gym and she tries to roller skate every day. "I like to keep on the move," she says. "There are lots of things I want to do in life. I'd love to do a film, become a movie star. I also want to own a home with a dog in the backyard." And a good man in the bedroom? "Yes," laughs Marcy, "someone who's game for anything, who's got a great sense of humor, is fairly aggressive and who can, well, take care of business!"

MARCOS (continued from page 38)

Ferdinand: "When I met Imelda, I was swept off my feet. I proposed to her in the first 30 minutes."

is so tightly intertwined with US history —

FERDINAND: Look, I learned the Gettysburg Address before I could read. We were under the US educational system. But my grandfather headed the revolutionary forces and fought to the death!

PLAYBOY: Against the Americans?

FERDINAND: First against the Spanish, then against the Americans. So I knew about American history through his stories, and I was fascinated by American heroes — Teddy Roosevelt, all the guys my grandfather fought. I guess I was always fascinated by America.

PLAYBOY: So you grew up essentially in an American way?

FERDINAND: Yeah, with hopes of going to Harvard, only I was ordered into the military. But I had, I remember, a yellow convertible, a Chrysler Fireball, all kinds of other cars. I lived the bachelor existence.

PLAYBOY: A pretty lavish one, too. You had some early success as a lawyer, didn't you?

FERDINAND: Yes, I was earning a good living practising law because I had a reputation for having represented myself successfully before I actually got my law degree.

PLAYBOY: What case was that?

FERDINAND: I was accused of murder. In 1939. The guy testifying against me as an eyewitness was someone I'd never seen before. I jumped on him right in court, and started to choke him. I was strong, and forgot myself. I was actually in jail when I took my bar exam, and of course, everyone said, "He'll never be able to concentrate and take the exam." But I am the type who can put aside tensions and worries, and I took the exam, passed it, and began handling big cases right away. Although I specialised in corporate law, for the pocketbook, I decided to practise some criminal law, for the sake of the criminals who were in the penitentiary with me.

Anyway, when you're a lawyer in the Philippines, you're automatically considered presidential material. One of my first cases was that of a bon vivant charged in a goldmining scam. He was living quite the bachelor life.

PLAYBOY: Unlike yourself? Didn't you say you led a fast life — cars, ladies?

FERDINAND: God, we're returning to sex! I try to avoid it. The answer is yes and no. There's a saying in the Philippines, "You can be hungry in the eyes, but no further than that." My greatest fear was that someday I might wake up and discover somebody I was not in love with beside me in bed. I was afraid I would go crazy and shoot myself. So I promised myself I would never have an affair to the extent that a woman could, well, corner me into a shotgun wedding. So I kept window-shopping.

But when I met Imelda, I was swept off my feet. I proposed to her in the first 30 minutes.

PLAYBOY: What persuaded you?

FERDINAND: First I made her stand up to find out how tall she was. She was about my height, and I said, "I guess you'll do." I told her I heard bells, I smelt roses, I could quote poetry the whole night through —but I had never felt like this about any other woman.

PLAYBOY: And you did not even kiss her until —

FERDINAND: The altar. She was very circumspect, and had a chaperone before we were married. Her family tried to fend me off. Our wedding was in 1955, and I was running for Congress, and she started having these migraine headaches.

We went to the doctors and they told me the headaches were caused by my desire to become involved in politics. They said, "Either you give up politics or she will not be able to perform normally as a wife."

So I said to Imelda, "I'll give up politics. I'll practise law, write books and amass a fortune — part of which I could put into a foundation for the poor." But she cried, "I cannot make you give up your life's ambition! Everyone says you will run for president in 20 years!" I beat them by nine years, by the way — I ran for president 11 years later. But basically, she said, "I'm going to become a politician's wife."

PLAYBOY: Then it must have hurt when, over the years, she was portrayed as the ultimate dragon lady?

FERDINAND: Of course. She was not anything like that. She was not ambitious. She was not grasping.

PLAYBOY: Then why is the world's perception of her so much the opposite?

FERDINAND: Because she did not bother to explain herself — I had to do it. In the early days, she was not prone to deliver any speeches. She was always afraid of appearing before a crowd, until I got her to sing.

PLAYBOY: Mrs Marcos, we heard there is an interesting story behind your first public appearance as a singer.

IMELDA: Yes, the house I was living in was right across the street from the headquarters of General MacArthur.

PLAYBOY: What year are we talking about?

IMELDA: Oh, don't ask me this! It was 1944. And I was singing at a garden party in the MacArthur compound. I sang a song, *God Bless The Philippines,* and Irving Berlin, who was there, heard me. He came up to me and embraced me and said, "Dear girl, this song is *God Bless America!*" I said, "No, this is *God Bless The Philippines.*" He said, "I composed this song and it's *God Bless America.*" I said, "There's no difference, because America and the Philippines are the same." He said, "No, no, no. Almost the same but not really the same, this song is really meant for America." So Irving Berlin went off into a little corner and stayed for awhile. He came over to me and said, "I must have a piano." So he went to our house right across the street and played a new song. "I have this new song for you," he said, "*Heaven Watch The Philippines.* You'll learn this," he said, "and tomorrow there's going to be a big show I'm going to present. You'll premiere this in front of 40,000 men." So the next day I sang it in front of the entire Eighth Army with General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz and Admiral Halsey, and I had a backup chorus of 20 soldiers! You should have seen me! This is how I first went public — I was 10 or 12 years old. [*Laughs*] I still do love to sing, but I don't get a chance anymore.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a secret desire to be on Broadway?

IMELDA: I do have an offer to do a Broadway show. It's called *Aloha.* It has seven beautiful songs and it's the story of Hawaii. In it, the queen, Elika, comes out beautifully dressed in her lei and grass skirt and long hair — my hair is long anyway. But the nice part is, my first public appearance will be with beautiful things in my hair, wearing a grass skirt — and without shoes! [*Laughs*] I'm going to make money on those shoes, you know. How is that for recycling a problem into an asset?

PLAYBOY: Is there a singer whom you particularly admire?

IMELDA: Elvis Presley. He was ahead of his time, because he had deep feelings. He had the privilege of deep feelings because he was deeply loved by his mother, Gladys. He was able to appreciate deep, profound beauty in sounds. And he started a musical revolution. They say all revolutions start from love.

PLAYBOY: Including the Aquino revolution?

IMELDA: No! That was started in vengeance!

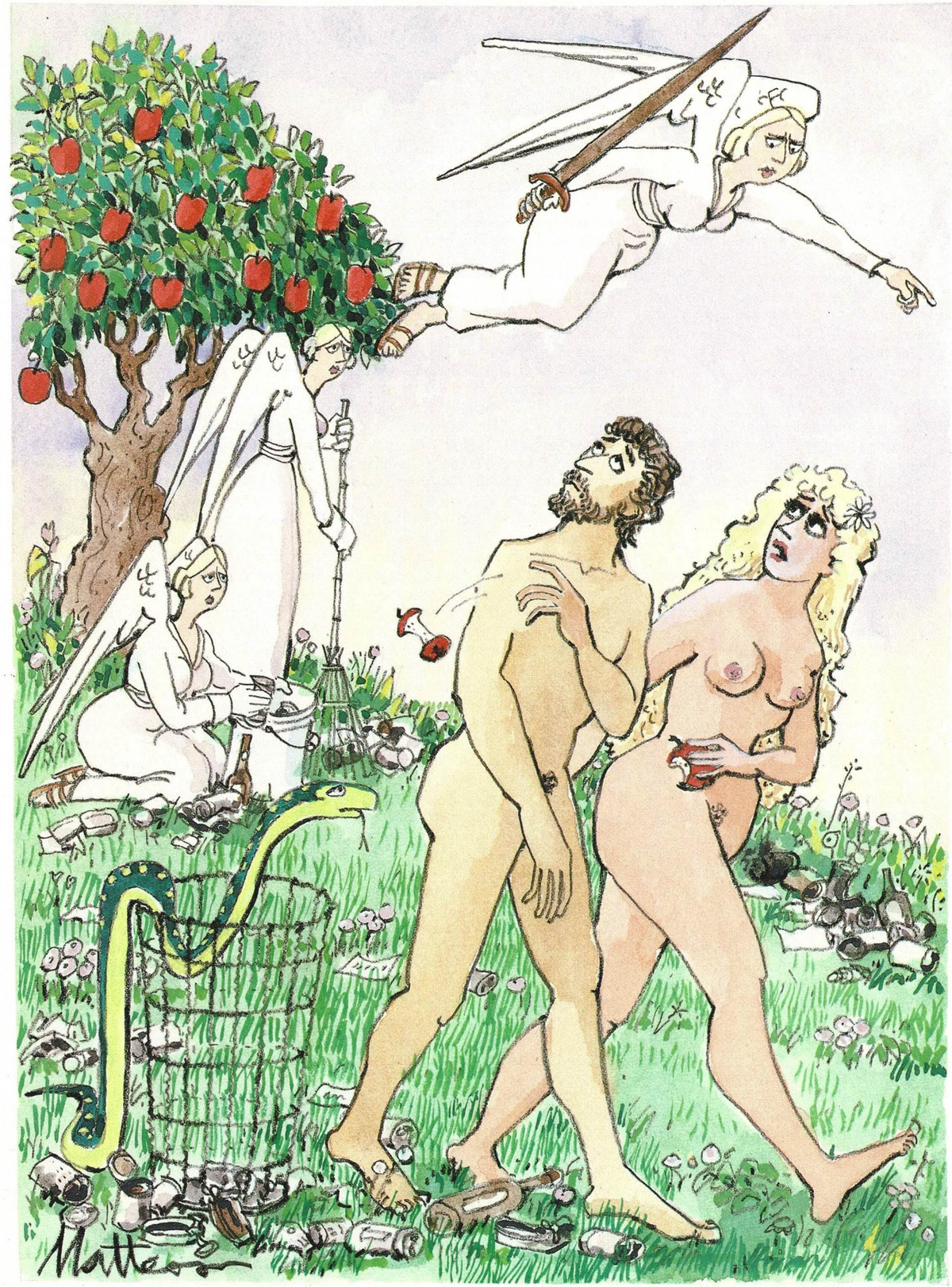
PLAYBOY: Your own love story was pretty special, according to President Marcos —

IMELDA: Yes, it was one made in heaven. I've been so blessed. Our life is a fairy tale.

PLAYBOY: Yet the rumors persist about extra-marital affairs. Yours, for instance, with George Hamilton.

IMELDA: Well [*pauses*], at least he's good looking, isn't he? I'm in good company because he's got one of the most beautiful women in the world as his girlfriend, Elizabeth Taylor. We were beautiful women, beautiful people. Why does the press lap up all this stuff? Because we are *all* beautiful people. But George Hamilton and I were never more than good friends.

PLAYBOY: Then, too, there has been much



"I don't want it known we were thrown out for littering. Think of another story."

publicity of late in the press about your husband's alleged affair with a starlet, Dovie Beams de Villagran, a former B-grade movie actress who claims she was once his mistress.

IMELDA: [*Laughs*] Wait a minute! I know better. I have a special sensitivity about my husband. You can tell when they're playing hookey. We're too close. I would be able to tell if he was with someone else. It cannot be.

I'm too sensitive — I could tell.

PLAYBOY: Mr President, your own health became the topic of stories through the last years of your presidency. There were reports that you were a candidate for kidney transplants. True?

FERDINAND: I was ready for a transplant, yes. But when I came to the US in 1982 and the doctors saw the results of my kidneys performing, they laughed me off the operating table. I said, "Be frank with me, do I need one?" Because I might have had to give up my duties as president, and I said I would have to settle my affairs and would like to die in the Philippines — or better yet, live in the Philippines. They said: "Don't worry."

PLAYBOY: Getting kidney dialysis is an expensive procedure many people cannot afford. Yet when the Aquino forces took over the palace, they found seven dialysis machines.

FERDINAND: That's right, seven. When a doctor friend of mine was asked why I would need seven dialysis machines, he said I probably had seven kidneys. [*Laughs*] The truth of the matter is, we were preparing for a battle so we were setting up an emergency hospital. The first wounds in battle are usually those which include your kidneys. That's why they were there.

PLAYBOY: There was also a stir raised on American TV when a video of your own version of a Jane Fonda workout was broadcast. Was it to show people in the Philippines that you were healthy, despite the rumors?

FERDINAND: To be frank, I did not intend it to be shown in the Philippines, though it was. I wanted to keep it for myself, for my doctors, as a record on how I was feeling. Somebody apparently got hold of it and sold it.

PLAYBOY: How could somebody get hold of it?

FERDINAND: That's like asking how someone can tap my phone — but they do. The telephone company even told me so. I wrote a complaint to the State Department, but to no avail.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk briefly about some of the world leaders you've met. Can you give us some thumbnail sketches of the greatest — Mao Tse-tung, to start?

FERDINAND: I admire all leaders who attain their objective, no matter what their politics. I appreciated Mao because it was always said that no one would ever be able to unite China. He did. He probably killed more people than were lost in World War II, but at least he kept to his objective — until the last few years. He wiped out Chiang Kai-shek.

PLAYBOY: How about Fidel Castro? Did he impress you?

FERDINAND: Yes, very much. A flamboyant person. He impressed me in this sense: he's one of the leaders who believes that in war, as in love, deceit is acceptable. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: And Margaret Thatcher?

FERDINAND: Her? The Iron Lady? Don't they say she's the best man in England? [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Didn't *you* once say, when Mrs Aquino first decided to run against you, that it was beneath your dignity to run against a woman?

FERDINAND: Oh, no! Not all the women are *that* incompetent!

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have Mrs Marcos negotiate the Tripoli Agreement with Muammar Gaddafi in 1977, when you were seeking to have him cease funding the Moslem rebels on the Philippine island of Mindanao?

FERDINAND: Yes, that was through the efforts of my wife, Mrs Marcos. She had been over in Libya for a few days, and I have a rule: when I am exercising or playing golf, I am not to be disturbed — unless there is a war, the war is with the United States, and *we* are winning the war!

The servant nervously sidled up to me and said, "There is a telephone call you must take." I said, "You mean to tell me there's a war and we're winning it?" He said, "Worse than that, sir. It's the First Lady on the line."

So I talked to Gaddafi through her efforts. He likes to be called *Colonel* Gaddafi, by the way, at least on the phone. In 15 minutes we had reached an agreement through the persistence of Mrs Marcos.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't she threatened by the PLO during that trip?

FERDINAND: Yes, they were going to bomb the plane she was on. And so all the macho soldiers, including Ramos and Enrile, abandoned her and took another plane back to Rome. She stayed on the plane, on the theory that the PLO didn't kill women. I said, "Touch wood," because they *had* killed women. [*Imelda Marcos enters room again*]

IMELDA: So what are we talking about at the moment?

PLAYBOY: World leaders, and your role in dealing with some of them.

IMELDA: Who?

PLAYBOY: Gaddafi.

IMELDA: Oh, *him*. You know, I really went out of my way to be friends with Gaddafi. The stories I could tell! But I will tell you this. I think he has a real problem because he was spoiled by his mother — whom I met, and who is a wonderful lady — but it's this whole Arab macho thing.

PLAYBOY: What about other world leaders?

IMELDA: When we were elected, President Lyndon Johnson called us the Kennedys of the Far East. I remember that *New York Times, Life, Time* and *Newsweek* covered us. I even had my own articles in the *Reader's Digest*.

Because we were fighting for the same thing America stands for. This estrangement now is just an interlude, an intermission. Wait till the second time around. It's going to be a big, big love affair. [*Sings* "Love is better, the second time arrrround. . ."]

PLAYBOY: Yet your reputation now, both in the US and in the Philippines, comes from your great wealth and extravagance in a poor country.

IMELDA: What the president and I see in the Philippines is not what you see. When you go to the Philippines, you see someone poor. You must remember how poor they were yesterday.

PLAYBOY: Still, your own extravagance —

IMELDA: I always believed there was no extravagance in good taste. There was no extravagance in what I did and bought for my country. I lost my mother, the prime giver of love, when I was six. We were poor. Then, years later, when I was able to give, I was crucified for it. If you want to be intimate with poverty, be a poor relation. And I was.

I came from a third-class province of a Third World country to become leader of the country for more than 20 years, to travel in all the major corridors of power in my time. Isn't that something?

PLAYBOY: When you sing *Don't Fence Me In,* we can't help feeling that you are singing that your soul *does* feel fenced in, living in exile.

IMELDA: It's a divine birthright to live and die in one's country. I never willed and desired to be born in the Philippines — it was just destiny.

PLAYBOY: If you got the opportunity, would you go back to the Philippines without President Marcos?

IMELDA: The president is no longer here. In mind and spirit — this is only the shell of a man. He's physically in Hawaii, but his mind and heart are in the Philippines.

PLAYBOY: Mr President, we'll be winding up now —

FERDINAND: Did I tire you? Did I bore you? So long as I did not bore you.

PLAYBOY: Not at all. But one more question: something we alluded to before. You said you're not yet ready to say what your place in history will be. But how would you want your epitaph to read as of now?

FERDINAND: The lawyers' epitaph. How does it go? "Here lies a lawyer —"

IMELDA: "Who lies still."

PLAYBOY: Mrs Marcos, what about your epitaph?

IMELDA: One word: love.

PLAYBOY: And *your* place in history?

IMELDA: I just want to be in heaven.

COMEBACKS *(continued from page 52)*

Call no man beaten until he's dead, and maybe, in the land of the born-agains, not even then.

36 years old, his budding career had gone down the cathode tube, and he faced a lifetime of insulin shots, not to mention all the other things, like deteriorating circulation and impotence and blindness, that diabetics can suffer. He drove very fast, I remember. He didn't talk much. Then one evening while he was building a fire in the fireplace, he started beating the kindling with the poker, sending splinters flying all over the room. Then he walked out the back door and didn't return for a long time.

He fought the disease for two years. He tried to lick it with diet and exercise, with specialist after specialist, with sheer willpower. His weight fell to 50kg at one point; at 185cm he looked like a corpse. Finally he found a doctor who showed him how he could test his own blood every day to see how much, if any, insulin he needed that day, and that was the turning point that allowed him to bring his condition under his personal control. He stopped fighting the disease, starting taking insulin as he determined, testing his blood by himself, regained his weight, slept through the night again. Then he took a neglected talent for graphic design and turned it into a business. The titles on a recent Judith Krantz miniseries were his. His business is booming. A year ago he got married. He's spirited, happy — I'm proud to have this guy as a friend.

The details vary, but the struggle is achingly familiar. We get fired from our jobs or we get diabetes or we slip into alcoholism — and have to claw our way back into the light. Friends who've been there inspire us, but it's the people who have made grand public comebacks that we look to for proof that even the most embarrassing failures need not be final.

Like Frank Sinatra. Sinatra, who, if Kitty Kelley's biography is to be believed, has got to be one of the most arrogant, hot-tempered, nasty stars ever to fall out of the heavens, completely messed up his life and career chasing Ava Gardner around the world in the early 1950s. Sinatra was still married to his first wife and this open defiance of the marriage vows did not endear him to his dwindling public.He was losing his touch as a performer, his movies were bombing, his records weren't selling, and his voice had a tendency to freeze at concert dates. He would open his mouth but nothing came out. He was deeply in debt. For a while, Ava Gardner supported him.

But Sinatra is no Eddie Fisher, who, when he was finished, was finished. Sinatra is nothing if not determined. He went after the part of Maggio in *From Here To Eternity*, Maggio being the skinny Italian soldier who gets killed by Fatso, the sadistic sergeant. Nobody thought Sinatra could act, but he wouldn't give up. He sent telegrams to the producers of the film and signed them "Maggio". He tested for the part; big stars like Sinatra never tested for parts. He offered to do it for free. "I *am* Maggio," he said, over and over again. (Dennis Hopper said the same thing, trying to get the part of Frank in *Blue Velvet*: "I *am* Frank." And got the part. And made a comeback.) In the end they cast Sinatra and paid him $8000. $8000! He owed the Tax Department $109,000, and that was a pittance compared to what he had agreed to pay his wife to get out of the marriage. But the film went on to win eight Academy Awards. Sinatra took home best supporting actor.

Plenty of public figures, however, don't make comebacks; they wisely retreat to the background, like Don Bradman, or they attempt to come back, like Rocky Gattellari, and only make sad fools of themselves. But Sinatra pulled it off, and his ultimate triumph makes our own private setbacks a little less daunting, less overwhelming. At our best and bravest, we mimic that same refusal to quit, that same fist-shaking, I'll-show-you grit. The how of it is simple — defy and persevere. Use your head, too, of course, think out your strengths and weaknesses and plot a reasonable reach.

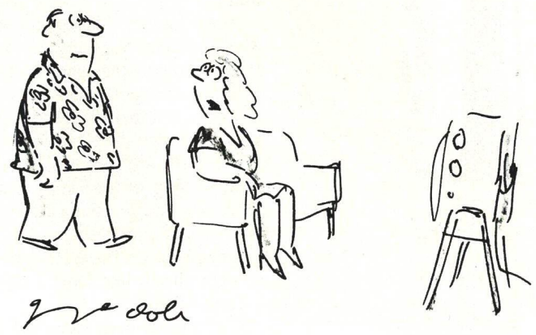
It's an inspirational story all right. It's also, perhaps, a little phony. There are those who say that Sinatra got the Maggio part not because he was gutsy and determined, but because his Mafioso buddies put the squeeze on the producers. That could be. Luck, too, plays a part in most comebacks. Claus von Bulow got a second trial on his attempted murder charge, but did he make a comeback or did he just fall into the hands of a friendlier jury? Did Richard Nixon actually plot and stage a return — or did he simply wait in the wings, guarding his health till the climate shifted?

On the other hand, let us not confuse moral fibre with mawkishess. Television is full of sentimental, slightly phony comeback scenarios. Retarded men struggle for dignity outside the asylum, and achieve it. Paraplegics, with enormous effort, learn to ski again. Vietnam vets get their lives together after hitting the skids for eight or nine years. It gets more than a little tearful, more than a little tiresome.

But we keep on watching in spite of ourselves. The market in comebacks continues bullish. With good reason: Australia and America are the original comeback countries. Europe was locked into the rigidities of a class system; a man out of luck in Europe was out of luck forever.

Not here. Nobody cared here what had happened to a man elsewhere. Australia was the country of the second chance. It still is. I used to live next door to a guy who had been a successful dancer, then when he ran out of legs he became a printer and set up a printing shop. It failed, and he went bankrupt. He started an art supply store. That didn't do too well, either.When last seen he was cheerfully establishing yet another enterprise. It was almost laughable: like Charlie Chaplin, this was a man who, if you told him there was no food, would matter-of-factly make a stew of his shoes. But you had to respect him.

We need the comeback story, sentimental or not. This is a world where Liz Taylor loses miraculous amounts of weight, where Bette Midler makes a virtue of vulgarity, where a hard-drinking unionist goes on the wagon and becomes prime minister and nobody mocks the spectacle of restoration; not at all, we cheer them on. Call no man beaten until he's dead, and maybe, in the land of born-agains, not even then. Not all of us, by any means have what it takes. But the possibility exists — others have done it; maybe we can, too.



"You're not going to watch the ABC's Play Of The Week in that shirt!"

EARTH STATION CHARLEY *(continued from page 58)*

He has invented something so amazing, he has to lie down to think of the implications.

Charley laughs and turns the channel. There is Mrs Mulgrew asleep on the couch, a Reagan press conference on her television screen. Two more turns to the left bring the Sealy twins arguing over clothes. The Benders are playing cards. The Hubermans aren't home, but Charley likes their new furniture.

The impossible has happened. He has invented something so amazing, he has to lie down to think of the implications.

•

Two days go by and Charley is still getting the neighborhood. The Benders are not talking to each other, the Hubermans love tuna and Jerry Berger spends more time on the toilet than someone just back from Mexico. Charley charts the times and places of his favorite moments. Working quickly, he compiles a 10-page guide.

The first Earth Station Charley is a fine-looking piece of work: two pieces of red construction paper and 10 pages of programming. He plans his day around his neighbors' activities as if they were Olympic events. Why see a *Donna Reed* rerun at eight am when he can have *Breakfast With The Hubermans?* Lunch is always at 1.30 with *Meet Linda Berger*. *Honey, I'm Home* is 40 minutes of Jerry Bender and his wife not talking face to face. A slight break for snacks, and then it's *Love Those Gormans*. Tonight is Thursday, which means Mystery Night. Who will he be and who will she be? Charley feels alive again.

•

Weeks go by and Charley is still getting the neighborhood. He decides to walk down the block and say hello to the neighbors. Stu Davis, the dentist, who has terrible teeth, is watering his lawn as Charley approaches. "Hey, Charley, what the hell is that thing, anyway? You an alien or something?" He gestures towards Charley's satellite dish.

"No, it's my earth station receiver for my TV. I can get television from all over the neighb — the world."

"Wow. I'd love to see that sometime; sounds great."

"Oh, it is, it's really something; you should see some of the shows I can get." Oops. As soon as Charley says it, he knows he shouldn't. After all, he has watched the Davises make love in the kitchen.

"Great, I'd love to; I'll be over later."

"Maybe tomorrow, Stu; today's kind of bad; one of the satellites is out of commission." Charley beats a hasty retreat. What am I, he thinks, but an electronic Peeping Tom?

•

Back home, Charley thumbs through the real *Earth Station Guide,* looking for a foreign program to watch. *Hong Kong Hillbillies*: A Szechwan family inherits a great war lord's palace. No, not interested. *The Pope And The Chimp:* A fun time ensues when the Pope and the chimp masquerade as house painters (R). Suddenly, he stops thumbing. *Live From Spain: The Running Of The Bulls Of Pamplona.* This is it. Charley has wanted to go to Spain for years. It is his dream to stroll the mighty plains, battle windmills and follow Don Quixote's steps. Sheilah would never go. "Too humid," she'd say, or "Let's go to a fat farm and lose some weight instead." To hell with Sheilah. He whistles *Bolero* as he pops a Hungry Guy *paella* into the oven.

He carefully adjusts the dial to receive the signal and flips the set on. The suddenness of the picture surprises him. There it is —instantly — Pamplona. The color is perfect; the music bursts through the speakers. He is in Spain; the crowds yell, taunting the bulls, as the camera moves down the streets. His heart pounds, tears fill his eyes as he feels the excitement. The announcer moves through the crowds. The leathery tanned skin of the people is magnificent; the children squeal with fear and laughter. Oh, the wonder of it all.

Charley digs into his *paella* but freezes at the sound of a familiar voice.

"It's very exciting to be here, a real dream come true."

Sheilah!

"I always wanted to come here, but I never had someone to come with me."

Sy!

There they are, filling up the wide screen. Sheilah, her straw hat with a miniature donkey fastened to it, her shopping bag with oversized salad utensils in it. She looks strange, with white gook all over her nose, her lipstick applied too thickly. Her eye make-up makes her look like a Fellini extra or Ann Miller in the morning. Next to her, with his arms around her, stands Sy, his partner, wearing a polyester shirt, small tufts of hair sticking out of his ears.

"I've never been so excited in my life," Shielah says in stereo.

Charley gags on the rice. This can't be. Fires are burning in his head; his lungs are exploding, his eyes bulging. No!

"I always thought Spain would be more humid."

That does it. The announcer laughs, Sheilah and Sy laugh and embrace. Charley lurches around the room, gasping for air. He grabs the control knobs, but Sheilah is on every channel. Where are the Hubermans? Give me the Gormans!

The bulls are running down the streets now, kicking and bucking at anything in their way. People, taking their chances, run out of every doorway. Charley clutches his heart and hits the floor. He lies there staring straight ahead, like Janet Leigh in *Psycho* —from Atlanta.

Charley has been cancelled. The world has come to him.

"I've often had sex with strangers, but never with a perfect stranger..."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA

SHARRY SUPREME

Introducing Sharry Konopski, our pizza parlor waitress with the works.

Says lovely 19-year-old Sharry Konopski, "Appearing in PLAYBOY is my way of saying to the world, Voila! Here I am! Right now, I'm still figuring out my life. I'm a waitress, a good one, but someday I'll be a model, actress, mother or all three!" We're taking bets that Sharry Konopski is the prettiest pizza parlor waitress to be found on either side of downtown Rome. "When I'm at work I wear my hair up," she says, "because no one wants a hair on their pizza! And maybe just jeans and a T-shirt." Sharry is refreshingly unpretentious. Her idea of the perfect date is a movie, a long walk and, you guessed it, a big pizza.

"I don't like to wear clothes all the time," says Sharry. "I like to be comfortable. Sometimes I like to be silly. I like to run around the house nude, so posing nude for PLAYBOY wasn't so different. When we were kids, my girlfriend and I used to strip and climb trees bare-arsed, feeling silly and free." As for men, Sharry comments, "I want the kind of guy who flatters me, shows me off and makes me feel sexy. I don't want to be pushed." Sharry admits she used to idolise Marilyn Monroe. "When I was 10 or 11 I used to dream of being like her. And one morning I woke up and had *breasts*. I thought, Isn't this neat?"

COMEBACKS

(continued from page 52)

A year after the accident, Newton took a one-handed swing at a few balls. It was ridiculously difficult.

JACK NEWTON

(continued from page 52)

in the evening rain they had difficulty getting a cab to the airport and when he arrived at flight facilities the plane had its lights on and was apparently starting to taxi. Newton ran on to the tarmac to signal the pilot, misjudged his position and was cut to pieces by the propeller.

It was not only the end of a great career; it was very nearly the end of his life. For four months the golfer battled for survival while a team of surgeons worked to stitch together his shockingly injured abdomen and shoulder. He had already lost an arm and an eye. When it finally became clear that the 32-year-old sportsman was going to live, there were those in the golfing fraternity who wondered whether Newton might regard the life he had left as one that was hardly worth the effort.

Those people had clearly underestimated the indomitable spirit of Jack Newton.

While not even family or friends would have ever ranked Jack Newton among the best in the sport, since he turned professional at the age of 19, the happy-go-lucky guy from Newcastle had played the international golf circuit wisely and well. Throughout his first year as a pro in Sydney, Newton supported himself financially by packing fruit and veggies at the Flemington market. In 1972 he flew to England with $500 to see out the European season. He was down to his last few bucks when he won the pro-am at the Dutch Open and then finished fourth in the main event. It was a fairly inauspicious beginning but it was enough to establish him on the European tour, where Newton became a fixture over the next few years.

In 1975 he was runner-up to Watson in the British Open and, although this was probably the highlight of his career, he went on to make a very good living as a touring pro in Europe, America and Australia. Also, his outgoing personality and keen business brain enabled him to cultivate contacts outside golf and to maintain a secondary career in the media and golf club administration. According to friends, Jack Newton had thought life out beyond the last hole, and that was what enabled him to bounce back.

A year after the accident, at his mother's suggestion, Newton took a one-handed swing at a few golf balls. It was ridiculously difficult. Newton had to start from scratch again, but he became determined to at least attain a standard that would enable him to play the game he loved with friends. Hearing that he was back on the course, some golf pundits began to predict his eventual return to professional ranks. Newton silenced them by saying: "It's hard enough with two arms and two eyes."

But he was soon playing off a handicap of 16 (the same one he had at age 13) and recorded his best score (79) at the inauguration of his annual Noosa Heads celebrity pro-am. Now 37, Newton has once again absorbed himself in the world of golf, doing tournament commentary, designing clubs, working on country club projects and developing the Jack Newton Junior Golf Foundation.

The physical scars from the accident that changed his life are there for the world to see, but if there is any emotional scarring, then Newton is too big a man to ever let it show.

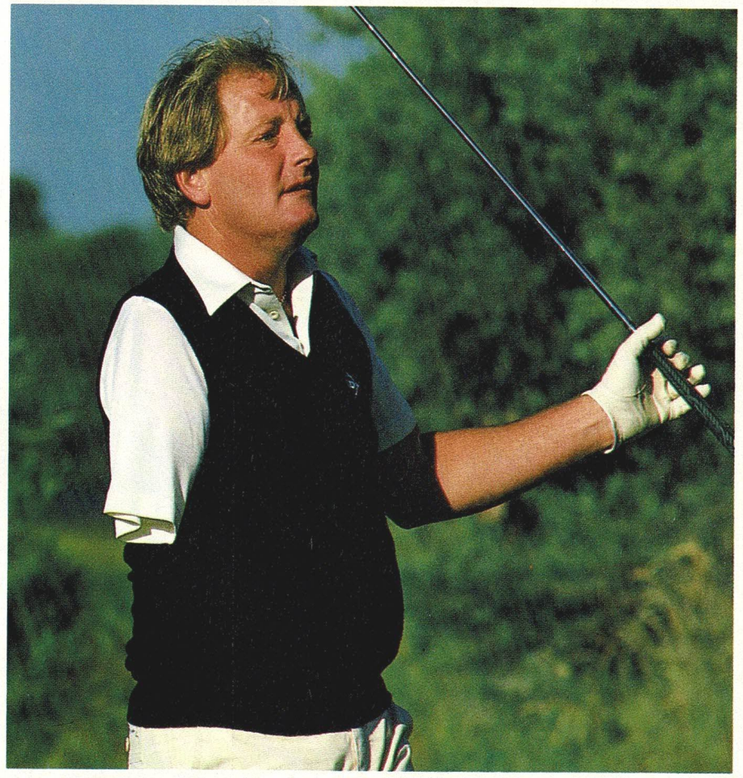


PHOTO - JOHN KNIGHT

Newton refused to let physical disability dilute his lust for life.

DON LANE

(continued from page 53)

those bad old days of the cultural cringe when we seemed to believe that home-grown talent wasn't up to the job, he was replacing Mitzi McCall and Charlie Brill, a third-rate club act which had emerged, blinking in the sunlight, for a moment of antipodean glory, before resuming life in the cabaret lounge of the Motel Six in east Las Vegas.

But the lanky yank had something indefinable, and what was to have been a single season contract, developed into an association with the Australian public that lasted for two decades (with only short interruptions) and brought him wealth and stardom he could never have hoped for in his own country. Lane bumbled his way through interviews, sang off-key and did a Johnny Carson-style opening patter that was about as funny as a heart attack. Nevertheless he became the darling of the blue rinse set and an honorary Australian, supporting a football team and calling everyone "mate". It was easy to be critical, but for every vocal detractor Lane had at least two devotees out there in ratings land and it seemed his reign would last as long as he wanted it to.

Then, in 1983, the unthinkable happened. Lane's ratings fell away and the Nine Network wielded the axe mercilessly. After so many years Don Lane was out in the cold. It was a hell of a shake-up for a man in middle age who had built his career in a foreign country. Lane fled to Los Angeles with his Australian girlfriend Jayne (later wife, although the two have recently split) to sort out his life. It was no huge problem, he concluded. For years he had been promising himself that he would try his talents on Hollywood again, and here was a Kerry Packer-given opportunity.

Lane enrolled in a comedy workshop and began work on a novel to fill in the time until the right script happened along. Then, as the weeks turned into months, he started doing the rounds of the studios, hoping to audition for the part of this TV star's husband or that star's brother. Mostly the man who had been a household name in Australia didn't even get to read. He couldn't help being bitter and frustrated, but fortunately Lane had money and something that was more important than his stymied career — a new son called PJ. According to Jayne Lane, it was dedication to his young family that got him through the toughest period in his life.

And then, two-and-a-half years after his self-imposed exile from Australia, the phone started to run hot in Lane's LA apartment. It wasn't Hollywood but it was the next best thing. He was wanted back here. A curious thing had happened in his absence. Perhaps it was the abrupt nature of Lane's departure, but a chord had been touched in the Australian sense of fair play, and a bring-back-Lane movement had gained momentum.

Equally curiously, it was the media mogul who had sent him packing who now wanted him back. Pride tempted him to reject the offer but his professional frustration won the day and Lane returned in the new role of radio star on Packer's ill-fated CBC network. It is history now that Australia wasn't ready for radio networking, and when Packer's radio chieftains revised their plans, Don Lane was among the first to cop the chop.

Just when it looked like Lane, now 53, was about to be put out to pasture again, Channel Ten swooped and offered him a lucrative contract. The darling of the mums was back on the box, and while his *Candid Camera* pinch, *You've Got To Be Joking*, prompted one reviewer to write, "Don, you've got to be joking," the bloke from the Bronx is rating well and seems destined for another long stay.

JOHN FARNHAM

(continued from page 53)

property in Australia. But this time it was even bigger than that. This was an album for the world, a breakthrough work and there was immediate interest in America and Europe. More importantly, as far as John Farnham was concerned, this was an album that showed him at his best, a collection of wonderful songs, sung brilliantly. For a man who had begun his career with the novelty hit *Sadie The Cleaning Lady* and topped the charts with a cover of B.J. Thomas's *Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head* it was an artistic triumph, a musical comeback.

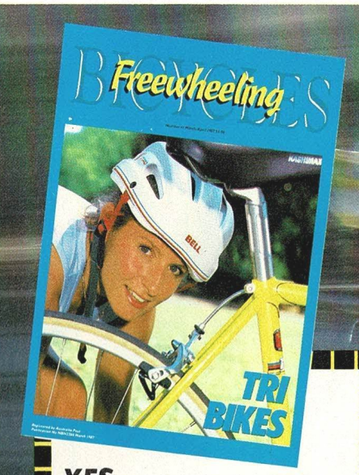
Throughout his long career John Farnham has had many supporters within the music industry. Insiders have always known of the talent that sometimes seemed to lie dormant in the easygoing, no-bullshit bloke from Melbourne. Said one record company executive: "Everyone has stayed behind John because he has never been one to shit in his own nest. In a business like this, that's important."

Indeed, Farnham seems to have had his feet planted firmly on the ground while many around him became giddy with instant fame. But perhaps it was this fear that any minute someone would shake him awake and he would have to go back to work under the kitchen sink again that promoted him to wring every drop out of his lucky streak. Two years after the phenomenal success of *Sadie*, Farnham had been through the teen idol trip and come out the other side. He donned a tux and sang ballads in clubs, old before his time. The work might have been steady but in the musical frontline, John Farnham became a forgotten man.

But Farnham was too good to spend the rest of his career as a high-pitched Englebert Humperdink. In the late '70s he broke free of the clubs and went back to rock, playing high-powered music at low-key gigs with his own anonymous road band. Word of mouth was good and within a year or two Farnham had re-established himself as a rock musician of integrity and great talent.

Just to confound the issue he recorded John Lennon's *Help* in 1980, but imbued it

TAKE US FOR A SPIN!



Let us introduce you to Freewheeling ***Australia's number one bicycling magazine. Subscribe today at the special introductory price of $13.50 for one year (6 issues) and we will send you the current issue free of charge. That way you get the latest bicycling technical information, news and features home delivered for a*** saving of 25% ***on the regular news stand price*** AND ***you get to try before you buy. Post the special introductory coupon today for your free copy — there's a whole world of cycling waiting.***

YES, send me my free introductory copy of **Freewheeling** magazine and bill me for a one year subscription at the special introductory price — **less 25%.**

NAME

ADDRESS

POSTCODE

Send no money we will bill you later.

Freewheeling magazine
P.O. Box K26
Haymarket NSW 2000

with a new depth of feeling that won him a new flock of admirers. In the same year he teamed with Debbie Byrne in the acclaimed variety series *Farnham And Byrne*. Some may have felt Farnham was looking for the middle of the road again, but if he was, then it was to be a four-lane blacktop right across America.

In 1982 he replaced Glenn Shorrock as vocalist with the Little River Band, touring extensively in the United States. Farnham stayed with the band for four years, but his voice was never really accepted as a substitute for Shorrock's and the liaison was, in Farnham's view, a failure for which he was solely responsible. He split with the group early in 1986 and laid low while the *Whispering Jack* album went into production. He knew he had a point to prove and was dearly hoping for the success that had eluded him with LRB. But he could never have anticipated the response. Twenty years on, Farnham was a star by everyone's standards.

HARRY M. MILLER

(continued from page 54)

down before, if not for long. In fact, as his client and friend Graham Kennedy once noted, he had started life below par as a Jewish New Zealander and had been running frantically to catch up ever since.

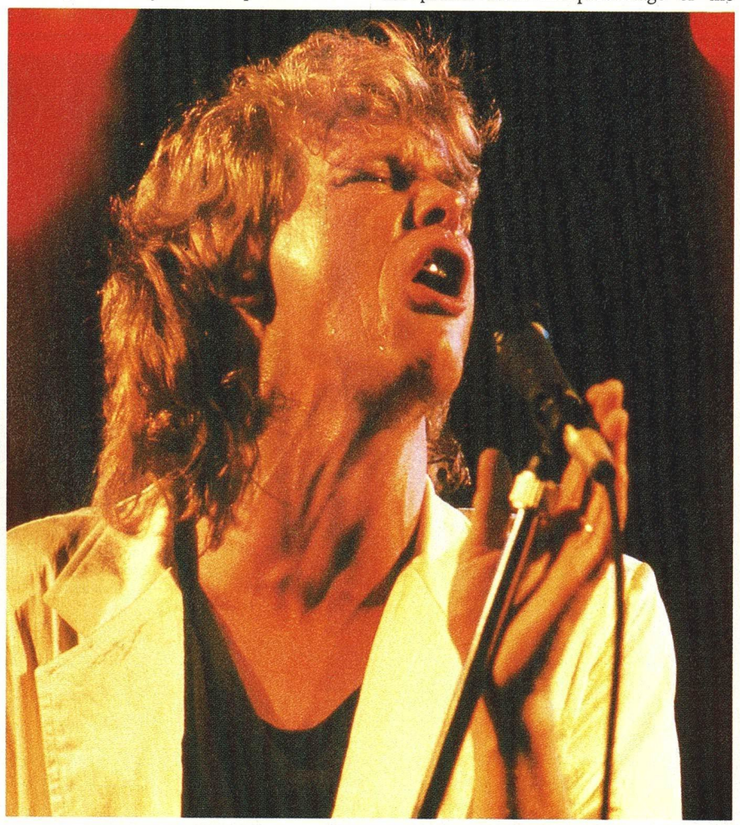
Kennedy was, of course, joking, but Miller's childhood was difficult. When he was nine his mother was found by a court to be incapable of looking after him and, with his father hospitalised, Miller was sent to a Jewish orphanage. When he left school he drifted from job to job, trying everything from farm work to door-to-door sales. While none of these endeavors made him rich or famous, he appears to have had the knack of picking up invaluable lessons from vitually everything he has ever done.

By the time he arrived in Sydney in the late 1960s he was determined, ambitious and thoroughly charming. He introduced himself to society matron Di Fisher and, telling her he was about to "rock Sydney to its foundations", asked her to introduce him to everyone who mattered. According to those who knew him then, Miller was endowed with such roguish charm that he could get away with murder.

The Miller legend really took off when he launched into theatrical production with the Australian versions of the hit Broadway musicals, *Hair, Jesus Christ Superstar* and *The Rocky Horror Show*. *Hair*, with its on-stage nudity and radical chic posturing, put the paisley-shirted impresario well and truly in the limelight and for more than a decade he could not put a foot wrong. As an agent he built up a stable of celebrities for whom he worked tirelessly. He ploughed the profits from his percentage of the megabuck deals he negotiated for them into ever-diversifying business interests, from the biggest simmental cattle stud in Australasia to a revolutionary computerised booking agency. Along the way Miller's contacts with people in high places gained him controversial appointments to such boards as Qantas and the Australian Meat And Livestock Corporation. Jobs for the boys allegations led to several smear campaigns, but it was to be Miller's missionary zeal in the private sector rather than his public appointments that brought him undone.

The collapse of Computicket burnt creditors across a broad spectrum of Australian society and there were many who held Miller directly responsible, but the case was so complex that there was plenty of room for putting the case that he was merely a victim of circumstance. Miller went off to serve 10 months of a three-year sentence fervently believing in his own innocence and quite unrepentant.

In his absence, critics and enemies claimed Harry would never recover from this loss of credibility but, typical of the man, on the day of his release he went directly to a first night, where his total acceptance by the social and business establishment began in earnest. Within weeks his business empire, held together by wife Wendy during his "holiday", was flourishing again. A year after his release, he had launched a celebrity speakers' bureau, begun new film ventures and taken on a string of new clients. It was a comeback of such rapidity and completeness that it was hard to believe Miller had ever really been down. The only reminder is a small line of type on his business letterheads stating Wendy Miller is the "reg. prop.". Miller cannot resume company directorships until next year.



Farnham's Whispering Jack album was a brilliant musical comeback.

NOLAN BUSHNELL

(continued from page 54)

running powerboats. With planes and helicopters flying overhead, I stepped on to the dock and faced 2000 people and the news media and thought, Shit, *this is great*! But from the minute I stepped on to that dock, it was like my luck was all used up.

"The boat lost its keel while being ferried back to California and Pizza Time started down the tubes. I thought, I can control everything else, but not my luck, and when it's gone, it's gone.

"Well, you *can* control luck. Once you've used it up, you do three things: work hard to replace it, do good works for your fellow man or, if that fails, sacrifice a virgin. I'm kidding about the last one. During the autumn of 1983, I would sit in my office on dark, rainy days and just stare out the window, trying to figure out what to do. About five months after I left Pizza Time, it went into Chapter 11.

"In the summer of 1984, I spent a month at my house in Paris, asking myself, 'What next, big boy?' The experience of going from wonder boy to goat showed me that if you're a part-time quarterback, some full-time quarterback is going to kick your head in. I figured that I'd been done in by a lack of focus, so I decided to concentrate on electronics and toys.

"And then a magazine story suggested that I knew how to start companies but couldn't run them. That not only pissed me off, it made me think, 'Well, I'll show the bastards.'"

DEBBIE BYRNE

(continued from page 55)

teenage personality. Her career was sky-rocketed but her personal life was being torpedoed. Robbed of a normal childhood, Byrne had become a wild and emotionally unstable teenager who masked her insecurity with a near-legendary capacity for alcohol.

At 18 she had a string of hits and professional accolades behind her. Within another year she had also picked up a heroin habit.

Byrne continued to work and most of the time her natural talent and exuberance managed to carry the day, but her addiction was no secret in the entertainment industry and eventually her career started to wane.

In 1979 she gave birth to a daughter, Aja. Byrne, who had split with her husband, was determined to be a dedicated single mother and fought hard to beat her addiction, but it was another family event that got her off the downward spiral. She learned her mother was dying of cancer and determined immediately to clean up her act for her.

The new-look Byrne co-starred with John Farnham in the 1980 hit variety series *Farnham And Byrne* and her career took off all over again, but six months later she was back on heroin. This time it was to be a long, slow and painful crawl back up. She was in and out of the Odyssey House rehabilitation centre for two years, during which time she reappraised her life and career. When she began to work again she developed into a performer of amazing strength and character. She was a woman who'd seen a lot of life and that was what she put into her songs.

The seal was put on her comeback in late 1984 when she won the lead role opposite Matt Dillon in the musical movie *Rebel*. She was still filming when she was chosen to play the all-important role of Grizabella the Glamor Cat in the stage production *Cats*. She was acclaimed as brilliant in both roles and has been given the part of Fantine in the stage production of *Les Miserables* due to open in Sydney in November. Now, at 30, and by her own admission "just taking it one day at a time", she is one of the most exciting and durable performers in the country.

— PHIL JARRATT

CYCLING

(continued from page 41)

A lap around the city is a great test for any cyclist. You've got to put your behind on the line.

these lethal weapons and scare the pants off unsuspecting truckies, cabbies and harassed commuters driving to work. Even allowing for all those BMXs kids get for birthdays and Christmas (which will probably never do more than terrorise a few parents down at the bike track), that's an awful lot of pedal power. And more and more Australians are realising that bikes are the ideal way to beat traffic jams. Even if you reckon you'll never be tempted out on the streets in anything smaller than a bus, we think you'd better read on.

Nelson Vails, 26, sprint cycling champion and 1984 Olympic silver medallist, learned to ride on the city streets. Friends called him Cheetah for his speed and competitive drive. Irate drivers called him less flattering names for his hell-bent style. Vails's story inspired the 1986 movie *Quicksilver*, for which he served as technical adviser. He also starred in the film's opening sequence, a match race between a cab and himself on wheels. In our cycling feature he shares his thoughts with writer ***Kevin Cook***.

Riding a bike in the city is like playing a game with your life. If a cab, a bus or a truck doesn't run you down, and if the crazies and traffic cops don't get you, you win. I always win. I've been playing the game since I was a kid on my first bike. I got great at it when I spent two years as a bicycle messenger. Now I ride on tracks all over the world. But for me urban cycling is still the all-time thrill.

A lap around the city is a great test for any cyclist. All recreational riders should try it. Take your life in your hands. Any big city will do. I want you blasting down the main drag on Friday at five o'clock. You've got to put your behind on the line.

Of course, if you think it's going to be a joy ride in the park, don't waste your time — or clog the streets. At the very least you'll need professional help. You wouldn't go into a combat zone without a little basic training, would you? Well, urban cycling is as different from riding in the park as *Platoon* is from *Radio Days*.

I'll be your drill instructor. My ability to stay on a bike has kept me alive for the past 20 years. I've never hit a car, truck, bus, limo, hot dog cart or mailbox. I *have* hit a pedestrian or two, but they were asking for it. Trust me.

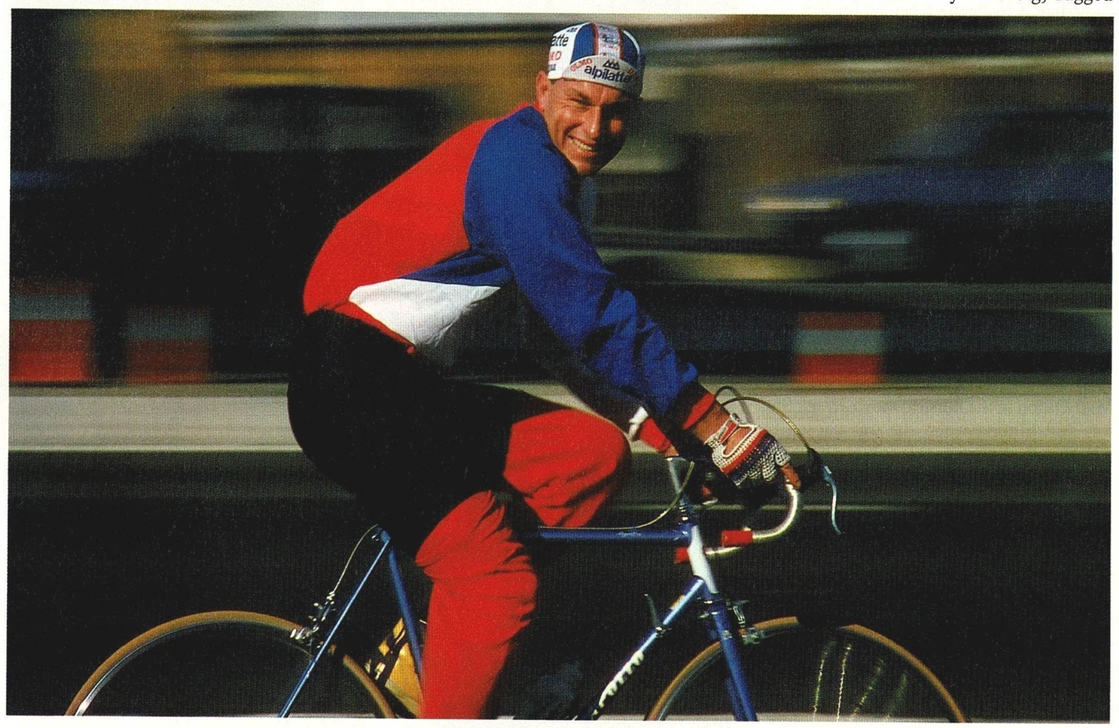
Awareness — that's lesson one through 100. Urban cycling is all about timing and judgement. It's about the thrill of being aware. You have to think all the time. Think *Quicksilver* — the movie I made with Kevin Bacon. By "think *Quicksilver*" I mean *think quick* and *think movie*.

The urban cyclist encounters think-fast situations everywhere. He may have a split second to make a move, and if that move isn't right he's going to get clipped. If he's looking at a shop window or waving at a pretty girl, he's going to be looking up at the bottom of a delivery truck.

He has to see everything. He has to *read* that scene in front of him, like he's looking at a movie, pick out the things that could hurt him and think fast enough to avoid them.

Look at the car in the centre lane. It may move over a lane, force another car to move and start a chain reaction. Look at that lady on the kerb. She's either going to step into the street to catch a cab, or stand in the street and wait for the light. That chain reaction in the centre lane may force you into that lady. If you've been watching all this unfold, like a movie on your viewing screen, you have your next move planned. If the footpath isn't crowded, up you go. If you have to stop, you stop, but if you've been thinking ahead and watching that movie, you can almost always find a way to make it through.

One thing you *can't* do, and still be aware of your surroundings, is waste time fooling with gears. When I was a messenger I had the perfect city bike, a one-speed coaster with two working handbrakes. You only need one speed in the city. If you have a 10 speed, put it in whatever gear you're most comfortable with and leave it there. Or buy a mountain bike. They have big, rugged



tyres and they're sturdy. Their handlebars are too wide for city riding — if you go between cars, you'll get chopped by rearview mirrors — so tell your bike dealer you want the handlebars cut to the width of your shoulders. That way, your handlebars can be like a cat's whiskers. If they make it through a tight spot, you know your body can make it too.

So speed up and squeeze through, or slow down and weave around. Watch that movie and pick out the straightest line possible. Freestyle it. Make up your flight plan as you go. That's what makes urban riding interesting.

Drivers are what make urban riding frightening. Some of them hate you just because you're on a bike. They think of you as the enemy, and you can get in a street fight if you're not careful. My only real squabble was with a guy in a yellow sports car. We were stopped, waiting for a light to change, and I put my hand on the rain gutter over his window. This was a man with a grudge against cyclists, so instead of saying, "Take your hand off my car," he slapped me. I got off my bike, leaned it on the bumper of a parked car, went back and gave him some awareness of my fist. When the light changed he was in the passenger seat.

Fighting is a last resort, though. I don't want trouble with anyone. I never pound on a car door, no matter how stupid the driver may have been. There's no point in denting someone's car. That pisses him off, and in general you don't need someone trying to kill you when he has a car and you have a bike. You can show a bad driver the error of his ways, but be courteous. Knock on his window and say, "Hey. Awareness." If that doesn't work, you can catch him at the next light and park in front of him. He'll honk and call you four-letter words, but he can't just run you over.

Never under-estimate a cab. Most cab drivers are good drivers, and they're just out there making a living like everyone else. But you get some who think it's their job to test you. They'll play with you — squeeze you into a double-parked car or run you up the kerb — just to see how you handle yourself. A lot of bikers get themselves into hard spots by pissing cab drivers off. Don't mess with cabs. It's not in your best interests.

It's the same with a bus. His vehicle weighs something like 10 tonnes and yours weighs 10 kilos. That is a mismatch, but you're 1000 times more manoeuvrable, so you should be able to stay out of his way.

Trucks are tough because you can't see around them, they turn very wide and they take up a lot of space. You can almost always go between cars, but two trucks side by side leave a space about as wide as your front tyre. Give them room. Do what I say, not what I do, which is draught behind a truck if I can find one going a steady 40km/h. A truck has two or three times the draught of a car — I'll get right up on his bumper and do a little coasting. I don't recommend draughting to the recreational rider, though. It's dangerous. Trucks make a lot of sudden stops, and you can wind up pasted to the back end of one.

Limo drivers deserve respect. Most of them are careful drivers. They don't want brake lever scratches on their doors. The limo driver has a big, wide-turning machine to watch out for, so he's pretty mellow. But limos change lanes without signalling, like everyone else. You just have to watch the Cinerama in front of you at all times — even the whale with the mayor in it can hurt you.

Cops should also be treated with respect. It's perfectly all right, if you're in a hurry, to ride against traffic. Just don't do it in front of a cop. You might think you can jam right past him, since he has better things to do than chase a cyclist. Don't. Cops have radios.

Tourist drivers are the worst. They never seem to signal, they just weave back and forth in front of the sights. The driver will go from the left lane to the right lane while his wife is looking at a map, and when she says, "Look, honey! We were supposed to make a left here," bingo, chain reaction. Everyone swerves left and you're running into people from the bush. There's not much you can do about tourists except give them room. Be aware of that interstate licence plate. Don't take anything for granted. The only thing worse than a tourist driver with a map is a tourist driver who doesn't have one.

You might think I am an expert at dodging dogs, but I'm not. I've never been chased by one, but I think I know what I'd do if a dog came after me. I'd bark, and if that didn't work I'd try to set a personal best in the sprints.

Remember this: there is nothing on the street, animal, mineral or vegetable (there *are* some vegetables with driver's licences) that is going to hurt you if you're thinking fast and watching that movie in front of you. Don't be afraid. Don't wobble. Don't hesitate. He who hesitates gets clipped.

I've given you a lot of don'ts, but they all boil down to awareness. Use your wits and your commonsense. You have nothing to fear from the cab. When it comes right down to it, he's not going to run you over — he can't afford to have a fatal accident on his record. You don't have to worry about that pedestrian, *he* has to worry about *you*.

Co-exist with the street. Look at everything in that movie. You're part of it. You're one bike in this huge city, and it's dangerous, but it's fun. You have the thrill of being aware. You're zigzagging in and out, beating the light. You've got to get somewhere and you can't afford to stop. But if you hear me yelling "Waaaa" behind you, make way!

NELSON VAILS'S RULES OF THE STREET

1) Prepare Stretch before you ride, to prevent cramps. Dress for cycling success. If it's cold, wear wool underwear, ski gloves and a beanie, although you probably won't need this if you're wearing protective headgear (and you should be). Stick some paper under your shirt to keep the wind off your chest in an emergency.

2) Be aware The surprised rider is the rider who wasn't paying attention. Watch out for mirrors when you go between cars. Watch cabs — they'll stop anywhere to pick up a fare. Watch people getting out of cabs — they don't look first. Watch pedestrians. Watch out for that last car trying to cross on a yellow light. Watch everything.

3) Be aggressive Too many people fear cars. They go wobbly when traffic gets heavy. Be positive in your cycling. If the traffic ahead of you closes up, find an alternative route. The best way to get clipped is to be indecisive and try to go two ways at once. If you do that, the way you'll usually go is down.

4) In a jam, stop if you can Aggressiveness is not the same as craziness. The recreational cyclist should always have a fallback — stopping. Risk your shins and your ankles, but not your life.

5) If you can't stop, go straight Going straight gives the other person an idea of where you will be a second from now, so he can be somewhere else.

6) Never trust a turn signal Self-explanatory. People don't know where they're going until they get there.

7) Make an educated guess You can see a problem coming when there are changes in traffic. A chain reaction starts with one car starting to change lanes. You can avoid it if you make your move early. A cab is going to stop traffic for anyone who sticks his hand up. It's like figuring out the plot of a movie before it happens — you can keep yourself on your bike by seeing the things that could hurt you. Or help you.

8) No sightseeing If they're having a big sale somewhere, you can park. If there is a pretty girl on the footpath, you can walk your bike. Some bikers wipe out waving at their friends. If you want to see the sights you should join a tour.

9) Be courteous Tip your cap to the ladies. Smile. In a confrontation with a pedestrian, listen to what the other person has to say. Help him up. Kill them with kindness, up to the point where you have to defend yourself.

10) Never hit a baby When you're up on the footpath, watch out for prams and strollers. Set a good example for future cyclists by missing them.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IT'S
Freesail
FOR THE BEST AERIAL ACTION...
FOR NEW DIRECTIONS IN FLATWATER SPEED...
FOR THE LATEST TECHNICAL INFORMATION...
FIND Freesail AT YOUR NEWSAGENCY...

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

Before I get down to the point, I must say I really appreciate what you are endeavoring to do, in making more people aware of their sexuality, that little dark secret they keep locked up so no one can ridicule them. To me you are a very "sexy" woman. Now don't misinterpret this, but you could park your shoes under my bed anytime. Please keep up the great job you are doing and don't let any puritanical bastards stop you.

But I really wrote to put forward my view on the situation described in the opening letter of your column (January 1987). If S.P. of Victoria is so bothered by the nasty, self-confidence shattering comments about the size of her breasts, then I say, in all honesty, if she is willing to take a chance to find someone who will appreciate her as she is, then she should come north to see me. Then she would meet someone who knows how to take care of the lady he is with. It was drummed into me at an early age, by my mother, to appreciate whatever it is the person you are with has to offer. That covers all aspects of a relationship. God only knows how much I thank her for that.

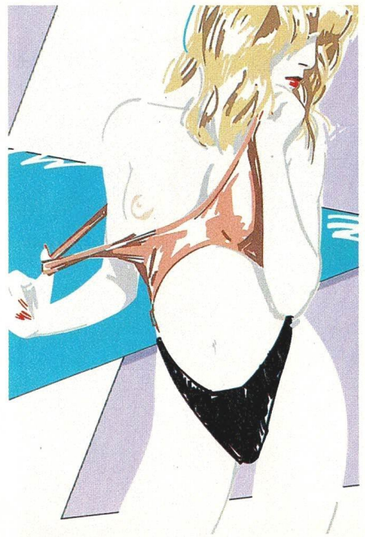
The second thing I have learnt about ladies — and something I live my life by — is this. A female body is not perfect unless her hip measurement exceeds her bust measurement by 5cm or more. Whether she is broad-backed or heavy-breasted, if her hips are smaller than her bust, she is out of proportion. Within my sexual encounters, I have only been with ladies whose hips are 5cm or more greater than their bust size and I cannot fault any of them.

It seems to me S.P. is associating with a bunch of pure "Norm" Aussies who don't know the difference between an easy lay and someone who cares. Don't you think her boyfriend is an arrogant prick to ridicule her about her tits? All he wants is a quick root and he would be a lot happier if he could get someone with big tits to get his jollies between a good set of flesh. S.P. should give him up to find someone who wants her for herself. There are a hell of a lot of beautiful women out there, they only need someone to love them as they are.

— J.P., Qld.

I agree with your assessment of S.P.'s boyfriend and hope that by now she's traded him in for a more appreciative lover. It's nice that you feel the slightly pear-shaped female has the most attractive shape. With the pressures on women these days to stay abnormally slim, many of us find that in order to keep our nether regions trim, we lose a lot from our other attributes. Perfect proportions were a lot easier to maintain when women were expected to have child-bearing hips and a curvaceous bottom to balance out their bulging bustlines. It sounds as if you wouldn't complain however we turned out — and it's your mother we have to thank for such welcome attitudes. I wish there were more men like you. Thank you for your appreciative words.

Could you give me some advice on penile prostheses, the different types, how they work and the problems you can have with them? I am a paraplegic confined to a wheelchair and have been for some years. Over this time I had a number of relationships which did not last for long because when it came to



sex, a lot of the time it never happened or it was cut short. Then I had to come up with some good excuse for what went wrong.

I am not what you could call impotent. I do have sensation and I can get an erection but it takes some stimulation and the erection is sometimes not firm enough even to penetrate. I find the sensation a lot more exciting and more pleasurable when I have got an erection. But sometimes I can't even get an erection and if I do, it doesn't last very long.

I have been living with a girl whom I care about very much for about two years. But when my girlfriend or I want to make love, things do not always work out, which leaves us very frustrated. My girlfriend does not like me using sex aids or things like that. She has let me have oral sex with her sometimes. We do not try to have sex often as we both know we will just get frustrated in the end. We have been to see sex counsellors about this problem but no one ever mentioned the prosthesis to me before. I do hope you can help.

— D.K., Vic.

If you have talked to sex counsellors about the problems you are experiencing, I am surprised no one has mentioned the possibility of a prosthesis to you. It may be there is some medical reason why an internal prosthesis would not be suitable but that should have been discussed with you. You may also be a candidate for some of the other impotence treatments which I have mentioned in this colum in recent months. Your problem would usually come under the general heading of "impotence", which can refer to all sorts of erectile problems, not just complete erectile failure. It's a loose term — don't let it worry you.

I suggest you get in touch with a medical specialist who could investigate all these alternatives for you. To start, contact the Newcastle Male Disorders Clinic, 50 Bolton Street, Newcastle 2300, tel: (049) 24 221 which has set up an impotence clinic. The Male Sexual Disorders Clinic, based at the Royal Newcastle Hospital, is also planning to start the first chapter of Impotents Anonymous, an American organisation which I described in a previous column. This group may have available some of the excellent pamphlets produced by the Impotents Institute, its US-based parent organisation (or else you could write directly to the Impotence Institute, 119 South Ruth Street, Maryville, Tennessee 37801 for information). They may also be able to suggest a suitable specialist to see in your area. If not, you could contact the Australian Society of Sex Educators, Researchers and Therapists (ASSERT), 21 Carr Street, Coogee 2034, tel: (02) 665 6660 and ask them to suggest an appropriate person.

Here, in brief, is some information about the major types of prosthesis. The inflatable prosthesis consists of a fluid-filled reservoir which is implanted under the abdominal muscles. Two expandable cylinders are placed inside the penis and a small pump is implanted inside the scrotum. When the man desires an erection, he (or his partner) simply squeezes the pump and fluid flows into the cylinders expanding the penis. After sex, he squeezes a release valve to drain the fluid back into the reservoir.

Inflatable prostheses provide the most natural-looking erections, they are easy to use during love-making and the penis is flaccid after sex. The disadvantages of the inflatable prosthesis are the high cost (both the cost of surgery and the prostheses itself are more expensive than other models) and

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS

$8.95 EACH

EXCLUSIVE POSTER OFFER

De Tomaso Longchamp Spyder

Incorporating seductive beauty with brute strength, this exclusive Australian PLAYBOY offer is definitely for the hot-blooded! These giant 1000mmx750mm erotic posters will set your pulse racing at only $8.95 each (including packaging and postage).

Lamborghini Silhouette

TO: POSTER OFFER,
Australian PLAYBOY.
P.O. BOX 746,
DARLINGHURST,
N.S.W. 2010.

I enclose cheque/money order for $_____ payable to Australian PLAYBOY.

Please send me the following poster(s).

Indicate quantity in box

☐ RED De Tomaso Longchamp Spyder
☐ GREEN Lamborghini Silhouette

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ P/CODE _____

ALLOW 4 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

there are occasional problems such as leakage of the fluid from the cylinders which require further surgery.

The malleable prosthesis consists of metal wires (silver or stainless steel) braided within two silicon tubes. During surgery, the penis is stretched to its maximum length before the prosthesis is implanted. It remains fully erect but the malleable prosthesis allows the penis to be lifted to an appropriate angle for intercourse and then be tucked away. These prostheses are cheaper, and have fewer complications but they look less natural and the resulting permanent erection isn't always so easy to hide, particularly on the beach!

The specialist will be able to describe these alternatives in more detail and discuss other treatments which may be appropriate. A word of warning, make sure the specialist you see is prepared to spend time with you (and preferably with your girlfriend), discussing in detail all aspects of your problem and proposed treatment. It is extremely important that you be given adequate counselling before this type of treatment so you know what to expect.

I'm a single guy, 23, with a 19-year-old girlfriend. We have been together for over a year and I'm rather concerned that she doesn't seem to be able to climax without using a vibrator. She started using a vibrator before she met me. It gave her her first orgasm so she's very attached to it! I wasn't hassled at all when she told me about it and was quite happy for her to use it during sex; sometimes I use it on her. But now it seems she's addicted to it. Sometimes we start off without it and I'll be doing all sorts of things to her to get her turned on and then, just when she seems to be really getting off on what I'm doing, she'll say she has to get her vibrator. We have started having rows about it. It's not that I'm threatened — at least I don't think that's it. I have had other girlfriends who had no difficulty reaching orgasm and so I don't see it as a threat to my manhood or anything, but it does worry me that we may always be stuck in this rut. . . her, me and it!

— G.T., ACT.

It *is* possible for a woman to condition herself to need the strong stimulation that a vibrator provides and this applies particularly to women who reach their first climax in this way. Most women do need time to learn to respond and if you start off using such powerful stimulation, it's easy to get hooked on it. Sexual response depends a great deal on expectations — if we think that what is happening is likely to arouse us, that very thought will set the juices flowing. The opposite is also true. The woman who *thinks* she can't climax without a vibrator will often find herself yearning for the strong sensations she is used to and, in doing so, will tune out the more gradual sensations which come through other means of lovemaking. It's so easy to give in and reach for the vibrator when nothing else seems to

BACK ISSUES

ISSUE	PLAYMATE	INTERVIEW	SPECIAL FEATURES
JAN '84	Veronica Gamba	Mr Justice Michael Kirby	Joan Collins, Orson Welles
FEB '84	Penny Baker	John Farnham	Chappelli on Cricket Tactics
APR '84	Dona Speir	Derryn Hinch	The Betrayal of John Lennon
JUNE '84	Conie Pound	Peter Brock	Dick Smith, Grant Kenny
JUL '84	Tricia Lange	Ian Sinclair	Sex Therapy in Australia
AUG '84	Sigrid Ortner	Richard Neville	Death Of A Blues Brother
OCT '84	Kirsten Ottlewski	Shirley Maclaine	Cocaine, Tom Carroll
NOV '84	Debi Johnson	Gerald Stone	Girls Of Melbourne
DEC '84	Roberta Vasquez	Viv Richards	Michael Edgley, Men's Rights
JAN '85	Lisa Maher	Paul McCartney	Joe Bugner, The Great Pine Gap Con Job
FEB '85	Connie Dachs	Geoffrey Blainey	Single Man's Guide To Asia, Playmate Bloopers
MAY '85	Cindy Brooks	Austen Tayshus	Mark Jackson, The Girls Of Sydney
JUN '85	Elizabeth Aguilar	Boy George	Rat Race Diet, Greg Evans
JUL '85	Britta Hoppe	John Button	How To Live With A Woman
AUG '85	Andrea Engel	John Laws	The Making Of An Oz Porn Movie
OCT '85	Yvonne Jaeger	Brian Toohey	Australia's First Grand Prix
NOV '85	Shirley-Jane Mercier	Niki Lauda	Jerry Hall, Rosanna Arquette
JAN '86	Regina Wild	Tony Greig	Australia's Best Bars
MAY '86	Linda Dubbeldeman	Angry Anderson	Joe Bugner, Roy Masters
JULY '86	Natalie Maline	Jack Brabham	Linda Evans, Boris Becker
NOV '86	Claudia Muller	Phil Collins	Shannon Long
DEC '86	Donna Edmondson	Craig Johnston	Money Market Whiz-Kids
JAN '87	Laurie Carr	John Brown	Sydney Sisters, Playboy's Guide To The Good Life
FEB '87	Heidi Fuller	Don Johnson	Marilyn Monroe
MAR '87	Julie Peterson	Wayne Gardner	Tom Cruise, Maxine Legroom
APR '87	Chantal Aarts	Lionel Richie	Stephanie Beacham, Pam Burridge
MAY '87	Anna Clark	Bob Ansett	Special 100th Issue Of Australian Playboy
JUNE '87	Claudia Kopacka	Ion Tiriac	Felicity Collins — Playmate Of The Year
JULY '87	Patricia Frans	Gordon Elliott	Grace Parr, Michael J. Fox, Jenilee Harrison
AUG '87	Desiree Brown	Norm Gallagher	Night Life In The Age Of Aids

DID YOU MISS ANY? CHECK THE LIST BELOW

Need just one or two back issues to complete your collection of Australian PLAYBOY? We have a limited stock of each of the issues listed below at $5.50 each, including packing and postage. It's easy to order these back numbers. Simply fill in the coupon at the bottom of the page and send it together with the appropriate cheque or money order, to Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.

Please send me the following back issues of Australian PLAYBOY

☐ Jan 1984 ☐ Oct 1984 ☐ Jun 1985 ☐ May 1986 ☐ Mar 1987
☐ Feb 1984 ☐ Nov 1984 ☐ Jul 1985 ☐ Jul 1986 ☐ Apr 1987
☐ Apr 1984 ☐ Dec 1984 ☐ Aug 1985 ☐ Nov 1986 ☐ May 1987
☐ Jun 1984 ☐ Jan 1985 ☐ Oct 1985 ☐ Dec 1986 ☐ Jun 1987
☐ Jul 1984 ☐ Feb 1985 ☐ Nov 1985 ☐ Jan 1987 ☐ Jul 1987
☐ Aug 1984 ☐ May 1985 ☐ Jan 1986 ☐ Feb 1987 ☐ Aug 1987

I am enclosing cheque/money order for $_____ representing payment at $5.50 per copy made out to Australian PLAYBOY

Name .....

Address .....

.....

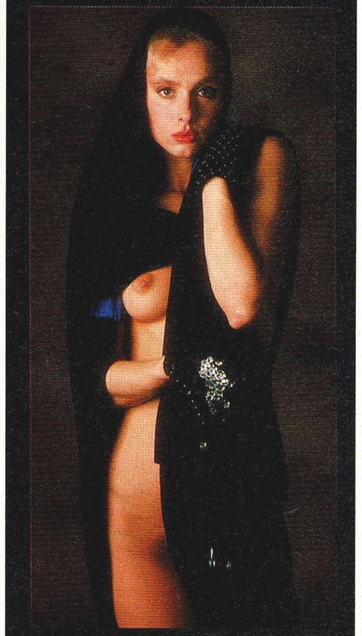
.....Postcode.....

Offer open to Australian residents only.

NEXT MONTH

SOCCER DOWN UNDER: A FORMER CLUB DIRECTOR TELLS WHY THE STUFFING'S BEEN KICKED OUT OF THE ROUND BALL GAME.

SPY WARS: WHO'S BUGGING WHO? AN INSIDE LOOK AT US/SOVIET STRATEGY.



MARVELLOUS **MARYAM D'ABO**: JAMES BOND'S LATEST CO-STAR IS LICENSED TO THRILL.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING **BON JOVI:** A SIZZLING PROFILE OF ROCK'S HOTTEST PROPERTY.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: THE NUTS AND BOLTS OF **DICK SMITH.**

WHY WOMEN ARE JERKS: ONE ANGRY MALE HITS BACK.

be happening by normal means.

What you need to do is to set aside some very special love-making sessions where the aim is for *both* of you to explore new sensations without reaching orgasm. She should experiment with all sorts of new ways of touching you, massaging and teasing you, seeing how high she can bring you without letting you climax. Then you should do the same for her.

She needs to learn there are other ways of feeling pleasure apart from the strong, direct clitoral experience she is used to. It may be easier to do this cold-turkey, by going away on a holiday without the vibrator.

But if you can't, let her use the vibrator on some occasions if she has to, but make sure that she spends plenty of time by herself and with you, experimenting with more subtle pleasures.

NOW IT'S THE PG SPOT

Last month I mentioned the urethral pressure point, the sensitive area behind the man's scrotum used in oriental love-making techniques to help control male arousal. Modern medical science is also continuing to explore these regions. Research on the effects of prostate surgery has located the position of nerves which control blood flow by contracting or dilating the muscles in the walls of arteries in the *corpora cavernosa*, the spongy bodies inside the penis. Dr Patrick Walsh of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in the United States and Dr Pieter Donker of the University of Leiden in the Netherlands have found these crucial nerves are located right near the pressure point (now sometimes referred to as the PG spot, or prostate spot), and can easily be severed during prostrate surgery, naturally resulting in impotence.

More literature is now appearing giving in greater detail techniques men can use to control arousal through the PG spot. There's an excellent book called *The Loving Touch — Enhancing Male Sexual Technique* by James Wagenvoord and Douglas Gasner (Ballantine Books, NY, 1984) which makes the following suggestions.

Wagenvoord and Gasner say you will find pressure on the PG point causes different sensations depending on your level of arousal: "Many men find that light, long strokes just before coming enhance the physiological state of arousal, while strong pressure just at the moment of orgasm intensifies the sensation throughout the pelvis."

These authors also have some very interesting suggestions for using the PG spot to delay ejaculation. I'll describe them in detail next month.

NEW SCREEN MORALITY

It's a sign of the times. It started when the TV show *Valerie* featured a mother-and-son chat about condoms. Now it has been decided that Christine Cagney, the glamorous blonde co-star of *Cagney And Lacey*, will have to give up having affairs and settle down. The sexual climate has changed. The AIDS epidemic is dramatically altering sexual attitudes all over the world and affecting even the tinsel world of television soapies.

When Cagney first hit our screens she represented the liberated single woman and went in for quite a bit of bed-hopping. There was David, the civil liberties lawyer, her steady boyfriend; Lars, a ski bum with whom she had a recent weekend fling; Ted, a paraplegic; Dory, a fellow police officer; and Ross, a journalist. But the TV series is set in New York, a city where even the most cautious singles are becoming nervous about AIDS. So next season Ms Cagney will be "relatively monogamous", with only two men in her life, according to Barney Rosenzweig, the executive producer.

There's romance in the air. The fast players are settling down, or being punished for their lack of caution. There's now a real problem with single characters, according to Terry Louise Fletcher, a writer for NBC's popular new drama series *LA Law*. "You get two people together on a date and then you think, 'Do we get them married or does she die in a train crash?' With all the fear of AIDS, they aren't going to jump into bed together. I think the sexual revolution is over. We may be heading for a new repression, a new *Father Knows Best* era. I hope not. For TV, married or celibate characters aren't much fun."

In the meantime, some TV producers are doing their best to show realistically how people today are dealing with these issues. *Duet*, a show about to start in the States on Murdoch's Fox network, has an episode where the characters go to bed for the first time and she asks, in a joking way, whether he's disease free. It's handled lightly but the point is made. Similarly, in an episode of *St Elsewhere*, a divorced woman resident sleeps with a colleague. Her comment sums up the fear that haunts many people today: "Been thinking about all the women you've been with and all the men they've been with, about sex and AIDS. Not a wonderful world to be suddenly single in."

But as you might have expected, not all TV series are prepared to deal realistically with these situations. Jeff Freilich, executive producer of *Falcon Crest*, believes that as people are forced to be more cautious in real life, they want more sexual excitement on TV. "As sexual behavior becomes more dangerous in real life, we might do more with it on the show," he says.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

WV2-C3
CC494/80